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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIV No. 1888 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — MARCH 28 1936

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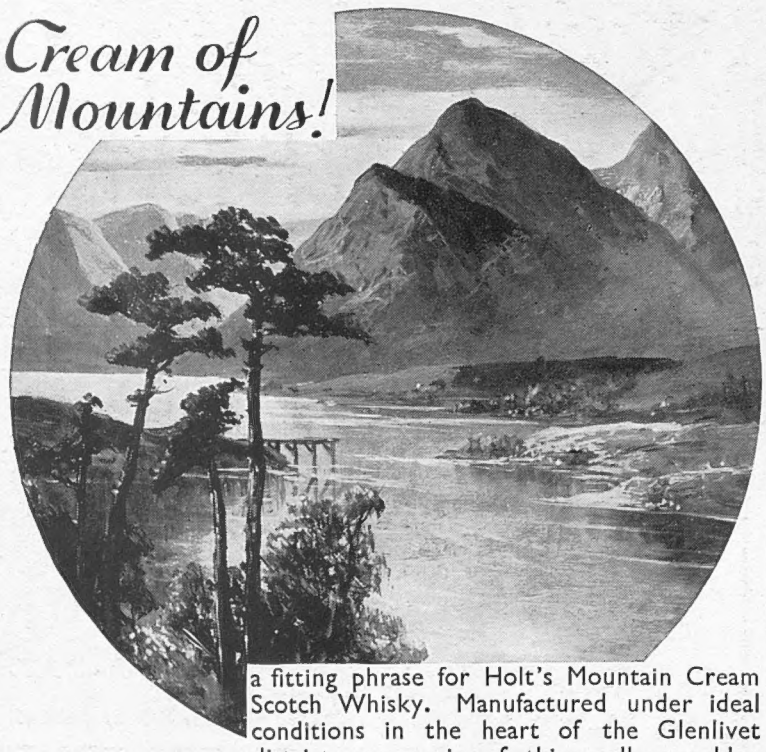

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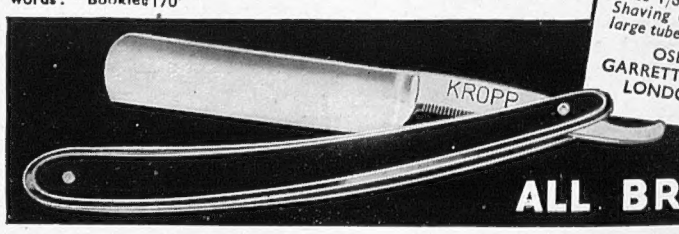
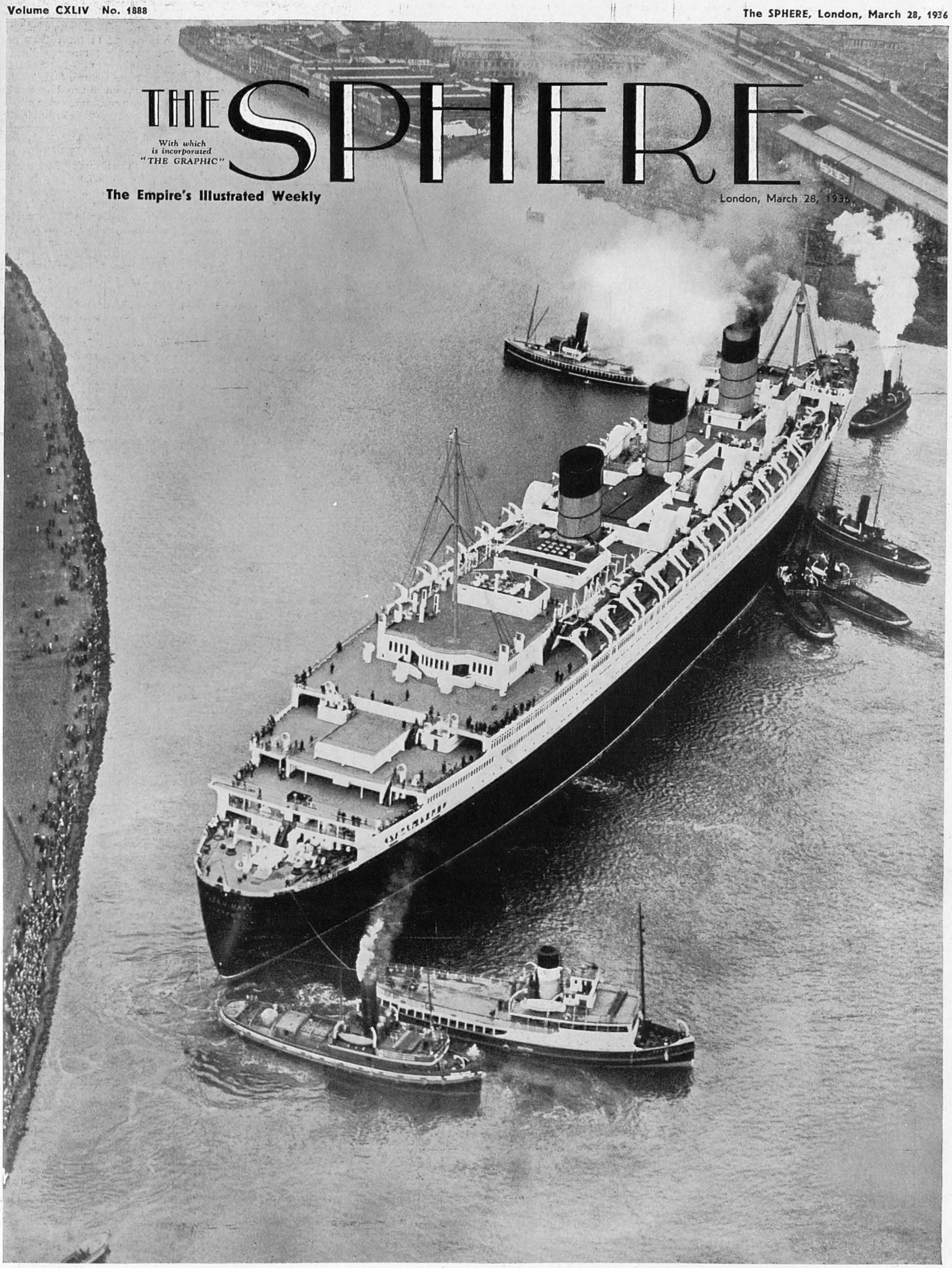


ALL BRITISH

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, March 28, 1936



The "Queen Mary" Starts Her Journey

The Giant Liner in Mid-Stream After Being Towed from the Fitting-Out Basin

On Tuesday last to the cheers of the spectators lining the banks of the Clyde, many of whom had camped out all night in the fields, the 80,000-ton Cunard White Star liner, *Queen Mary*, contender for the coveted blue riband of the North Atlantic, left the fitting-out basin beside Messrs. John Brown's yard, where she had lain for so many months, and began her stately progress to the sea. It was a moment no less inspiring than that of her launching when the crowds breathlessly watched her glide into her element, but now she had come to life—a thing of beauty and of infinite grace. Conditions were well-nigh perfect and at 9.55, over half-an-hour ahead of schedule, the great vessel blew four sharp blasts on her siren, and then, almost imperceptibly at first, began to move out into midstream aided by seven powerful attendant tugs. In thirty minutes she was clear of the basin, the delicate manœuvrings to turn her completed, and her bows facing towards the sea. Then, to the accompaniment of more resounding cheers and shouts of good luck, she steamed away on her fifteen-mile journey to Greenock, round the tortuous bends of the river that had been specially dredged for the occasion. (*See pages* 524, 525, *and* 528)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

SPRING COMES TO LONDON: Office workers, their coats discarded, strolling along the Embankment one day last week when the new season was ushered in by hours of bright sunshine. It is eighteen years since the temperatures in London were exceeded at this time, and then they were only four degrees higher

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4,
Wednesday, March 25, 1936.

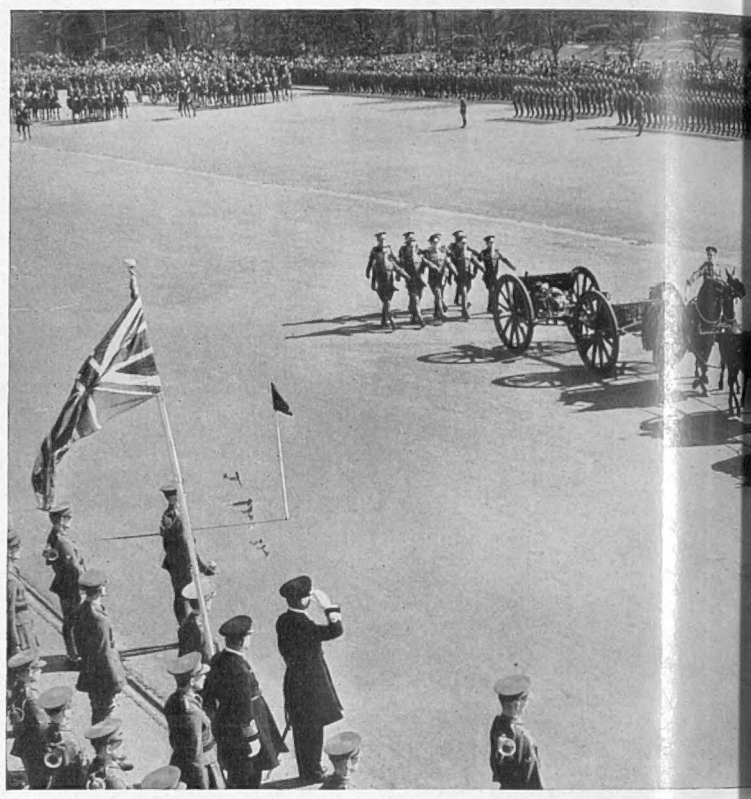
AT ST. JAMES'S.—During these last days of anxiety when decisions of appalling gravity were being discussed, the thoughts of all serious-minded Britons were never far away from Holbein's palace wherein so much of English history is cradled. Within its walls were Hitler's men—at last. It was surely unthinkable that they should go back to Germany to continue once more their secret preparations for what France has persuaded us is the destruction of civilisation. No thinking Briton could endure the idea that they should be allowed to depart with no gift of conciliation and sympathy for their nation (as apart from their present constitution). Yet, as delegate after delegate rose to put his country's view before the councils of Europe, how inadequate seemed the breadth of view of all the nations. Each country put forward an opinion which seemed hardly to conceal, in the formalities of diplomacy, purely national and entirely selfish preoccupations. Italy was much more concerned with Abyssinia and Sanctions; the Little Entente Powers saw no further than the Balkans; the Soviet Government castigated the arch-enemy of Bolshevism; France and Belgium could never move their eyes from their own frontiers. Even the Germans, extolling the magnanimity and breadth of their great contribution, let out of the bag the grave anxiety of Germany at the crisis to which German nationalism has brought them under Hitlerism. It seemed, indeed, that Mr. Eden alone had the nerve or the art to put in the forefront the wider issue of international morality and retrieve these tremendous discussions from the category of a squabble about back-yards and village pumps. How many of those delegates remembered that they represented something else besides the national aims of the Governments in power in their countries—to wit scores of millions of peoples, innocent of all guilt, as inarticulate as were their ancestors, as powerless, and as enslaved? How many realised that in the ante-room, awaiting their verdict, waited trembling

THE VICEROY-DESIGNATE SETS OUT: The Marquess of Linlithgow pictured as he left his home, Hopetoun House, South Queensferry, near Edinburgh, at the start of his journey to India where he will enter upon his duties in the middle of next month. He is sailing in the P. & O. liner, *Strathmore*

of a breach of the Versailles Treaty by re-militarising the Rhineland zone. That was a foregone conclusion and a fact not likely to block the path to conciliation, since Germany feels her isolation anxiously and knows the justice of the verdict. But the Locarno Powers moved much more definitely towards constructive settlement. These Powers waived the condition that withdrawal of Rhineland garrisons must precede discussion of Hitler's peace proposals. Their memorandum does indeed provide for reference to the League of certain vital matters, but it agrees to an international conference to be held without delay for the examination and discussion of Hitler's proposals, and any other proposals for conciliation and for (best of all) the examination of the economic troubles of Europe which are the main cause of all our post-war tragedy. What obstacles now stood in the way of this happy decision, due solely to the force of European public opinion? First, that legitimate demand by the Locarno Powers that Germany shall agree to submit to the Hague Court the question whether the Franco-Soviet pact was, as she avers, a breach of Locarno. If she were, in false pride and obstinacy, still to withhold her agreement to this proviso, then indeed the genuineness of Hitler's great contribution to the peace of the world would be called in question, and Germany would be finally isolated, as the Pariah of Europe. But secondly, Peace and not the issue of a dozen coming election campaigns in a dozen countries of Europe? The peace of the world, not the triumph of ephemeral politicians. Very few, to judge by their utterances, realized that mighty fact.

THE DAWN AT LAST?—Yet in the darkest hour there came the first real hint of the dawn. What happened was a large scale repetition of what happened after the Hoare-Laval proposals. Public opinion in Britain then suddenly rose up and kicked over its Government. Last Thursday public opinion in Europe made its voice heard at last and sent its representatives at St. James's a peremptory order to cease fooling and get on with the big issue—Peace. Out of the wood we are not yet, but a great advance has been made. France's domination of the European table is loosened, though by no means withdrawn. The position at this moment is broadly as follows:—The League Council by a unanimous vote found Germany guilty and more doubtful in its wisdom, the proviso in regard to the return to German territory, as a temporary "safeguard," of the elements of an international force. More gesture than "safeguard," it merely revived the dormant bitterness of German nationalism and, unless a compromise could be found by Germany, acceptable to the League and Powers, it would endanger the new hopes of sanity in Europe. But it is inconceivable that the German nation could suffer in silence decisions involving its own suicide. So we argued, so we weighed the chances, so we hoped, while Germany debated and while von Ribbentrop flew back with her answer.

VENIZELOS.—Venizelos, among Englishmen of average education who have abandoned all hope of understanding the intricacies of Balkan and indeed of European politics, had been loosely classed among a small band of "mystery men" which included such very different types as Sir Basil Zaharoff, Mr. Rickett, and even Mr. Montagu Norman. One reason for investing him with mystery was the fact that at the time of the Peace Conference he seemed to be Dictator of Europe; even the "big four" bowed to his lightest word, and he did very much what he pleased. He was an aristocrat from Crete, and soon became leader of its Liberal Party, with a great reputation as orator and strong man. His career was a romance of ups and downs, a paradox of enlightened statesmanship and stupid, failure-doomed intrigues. He won for Greece her empire and her freedom. He fought the Turk tooth and nail as Greece's hereditary enemy, and he achieved the miracle of burying the ancient hatchet between Greek and Turk. And yet his great ideal of Asiatic Hellenism never came to fruition. It was Constantine's indecision in 1916 which turned Venizelos against the monarchy, and Greece virtually joined the Allies under the dictatorship set up at Salonika by Venizelos. It was that which endeared Venizelos to Britain, and gave him his power in the councils of the Great Powers after the War. Constantine abdicated, and his son Alexander took his place. But the shadow of Constantine constantly fell across his path and darkened his hopes of Asiatic Hellenism. Venizelos' great reputation began to wane after 1921. He returned to politics again and again, triumphs being followed by swift humiliations; thus he swept in again in 1928, and by a complete reversal of his life's policy achieved in 1930 the conciliation with Turkey. He resigned in 1932, and was back in power in the same year. He became Prime Minister for the eighth time in 1933 and



REMINDER OF HISTORIC OCCASIONS: Rear-Admiral J. C. Tovey taking the salute at the march past at the ceremony held last Sunday when the gun carriage used in the funerals of Queen Victoria, Edward VII, and George V was handed over to the Royal Artillery Depot at Woolwich, where it is to be preserved. Gun teams of "F" (Sphinx) Battery, R.H.A., and a representative detachment of the Royal Navy from Chatham were present

risked a general election to strengthen his position. The election showed signs of going against him, and Venizelos allowed himself to be involved in the Plastiras coup. He was once more in opposition to Royalism. In 1935 his career ended in a still more foolish intrigue against the Royalists. He joined the navy revolution, and after its failure was outlawed. He made his submission indeed, and was included in the amnesty which followed King George's restoration, but he had ceased to be a European statesman as far back as 1922. His political career thereafter was that of a Greek party politician—a very different status. But Britain had good reason to judge him one of the greatest of modern Greek statesmen.

A ROCK IN A CHANGING SEA.

—How pleasant to turn from the Thieves' Kitchen of Europe to the cool waters and fresh air of Putney Reach. That unchanging, eternally popular fixture is only a fortnight hence in laughing April. In that struggle there is no wrangling, no recrimination. The rivals strive for no gains but a wreath of bays. There are no frightened leaders, not daring to condemn, not

willing to condone. It is true that one side always wins—and this year (alas!) Cambridge (which has won since Memory ran) has already proved itself "the best University crew of the post-war or indeed any period"—but that fact seems neither to damp the interest of the public nor the sportsmanship of Oxford. The boat race is an example to Europe. It is a model of Collective Security, of unity of purpose and action, of essential decency and high and honourable conduct. It is a democratic and cosmopolitan idyll. Nowadays the crews are recruited, not from Eton and Radley and Westminster in the main, but from Empire Schools and from schools that know no running water—Malvern, Uppingham, Harrow, Winchester, all give recruits who come late to the tide-way. We grow sick of other colours, reds and black-shirts, green and orange, these are colours which mean or have meant bitterness and trouble. Give us blues, the colour of clean water and clear sky and let us take a holiday from that kind of rivalry which is fought out with poison gas, and from all the cruelty and injustice bred of panic and suspicion.

TWO SIGNIFICANT SITES.

—A part of Windsor Great Park—close to the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore—is to be converted into an aerodrome for the King's use—so it has been confidently stated. The King intends to go on flying and indeed considers that only so can he carry out his far-flung engagements, attend to his daily official business in London, and enjoy such share of leisure and private life as even Kings, in this age of ceaseless racket, feel entitled to reserve. Already he possesses a dozen 'planes, light and heavy, ranging down from a five-seater de Havilland Rapide. For this fleet the aerodrome at Fort Belvedere was not large enough. And at Fort William—which was no stranger to war's alarms in the "troubles" of the eighteenth century—in the heart of the Highlands a calcium carbide factory was planned to be built far from the dangers of air attack. Its stink would conquer the smell of bog-myrtle and its accessory buildings would scar the purple solitudes. It would manufacture among other things chemicals for waging efficiently modern warfare. Parliament at present is clearly opposed to such industrialism in the Highlands for industrialism's sake, but doubtless other such schemes will follow to materialisation. Both these proposals might well shock the minds of people born in the Victorian tradition or with roots in the age of privilege. The short answer to such "old stagers"—old fogeys, I fear—is that facts have to be faced, that Victorians preferred to run away from facts, especially when, as usually, facts are unpleasant. Old Stagers were born too late.

"THE LOST ARE FOUND AGAIN."

—Two days after writing (apropos the discovery of fresh Boswell papers) that it is not impossible that discoveries may still be made which will increase the meagre sum of our knowledge of Shakespeare's life, a very interesting discovery concerning him was announced—with (for me) dramatic suddenness. Shakespeare, as is well known, drew unashamedly on Hollinshed's *Chronicles* for his historical plays, sometimes merely throwing into blank verse the actual prose of the chronicler. Captain Jaggard of Stratford-on-Avon, a noted Shakespearean scholar, some years ago bought from the executors of Mr. A. H. Bullen, founder of the Shakespeare Head Press, three volumes of the 2nd edition of the *Chronicles*. A few months ago he scrutinised his purchase and found in one volume various notes and memoranda "in a handwriting strangely familiar." His knowledge (reinforced by comparisons with existing signatures of Shakespeare) led him to believe that the notes are in Shakespeare's hand, and that the copy was Shakespeare's own. The volume has a long authentic history in the possession of a Warwickshire family, it reveals relics of Tudor stationery, and among the priceless hundred words of marginalia is a typical Shakespearean epigram ("As wealth maketh lofty, soe want maketh lowly"), and a not less typical recipe for a cure for swollen fetlocks. Experts at the British Museum, and in France and Switzerland have examined the find and agree in Captain Jaggard's claim. Thus the five vital examples of Shakespeare's "hand-of-write" are reinforced by a sixth, which may be perhaps one day accepted as worth all the rest put together. If this be not a fine example of the romance of treasure-seeking in the literary field, I cannot name one. It remains to see (this day month) whether Illustrated Newspapers have a higher rate of pay for inspired prophecy than for ordinary journalism. I await the issue with quiet confidence and even contemplate ordering a new "spring suiting" on the strength of it.

EXPLORING THOSE AVENUES.

—Mr. A. P. Herbert, conscious of his responsibilities as representative of a seat of learning and conscious of his reputation as a humorist, is determined to "leave no stone unturned" to impress himself on his generation during his term in Parliament. Last week therefore he tabled an amendment to an ordinary resolution, designed to pillory a phrase, dear to officialdom, which I have been pillorying on this page for three years. It is that terrible "governmentese" phrase: "to explore the avenues." Premiers and Foreign Secretaries know no other. It is dear to them as their power and places, and it drives impatient folk mad. It means of course nothing at all. Mr. Herbert is a champion of simpler, plainer English and in this I am with him. General officers, butlers, and Ministers of State have two things in common. (1) They always stay too long in their posts. (2) They always choose to employ to the limit of triteness elaborate, imposing and meaningless phrases, better expressed in simple words of one syllable.

KIPLING'S SONS IN MICHIGAN.

—Forty years ago (an American correspondent reminds me) Michigan, U.S.A., named two towns after Rudyard Kipling—namely, Rudyard and Kipling. When Kipling heard of it he dashed off some verses and sent them to Mr. Underwood, then manager of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. This is what he wrote on the back of a photograph which is now in possession of an autograph dealer.

Wise is the child who knows his sire,
The ancient proverb ran.
But wiser far the man who knows
How, when and where his offspring grows,
For who the mischief would suppose
I've sons in Michigan?
Yet I am saved from midnight ills,
That warp the soul of man.
They do not make me walk the floor,
Nor hammer at the Doctor's door;
They deal in wheat and iron ore
My sons in Michigan . . [and so on]

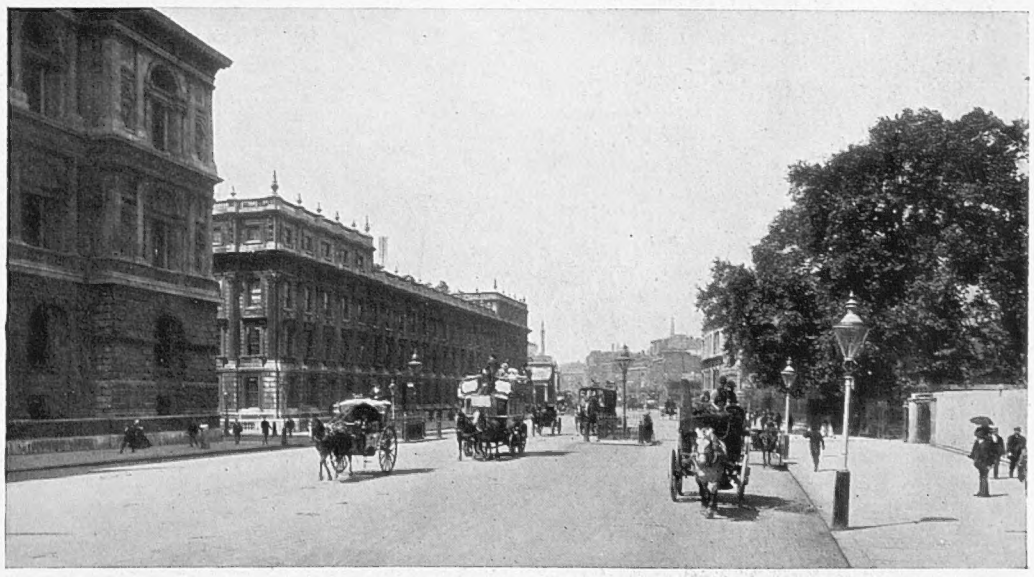
Here's something rare and curious for Kiplingites to add to their collections.

THE AMERICAN FLOODS.

—I have held over reference to the American floods, that major national disaster, until reliable photographs and reliable data are received which enable a true estimate of the extent of the tragedy to be reached. It remains only to offer to the United States the heartfelt sympathy of a journal which has so many readers in the States and is so much interested in the American scene, and in American progress and enterprise, her institutions, her inventions, and her political and social problems and opinions.

THE OLD STAGER

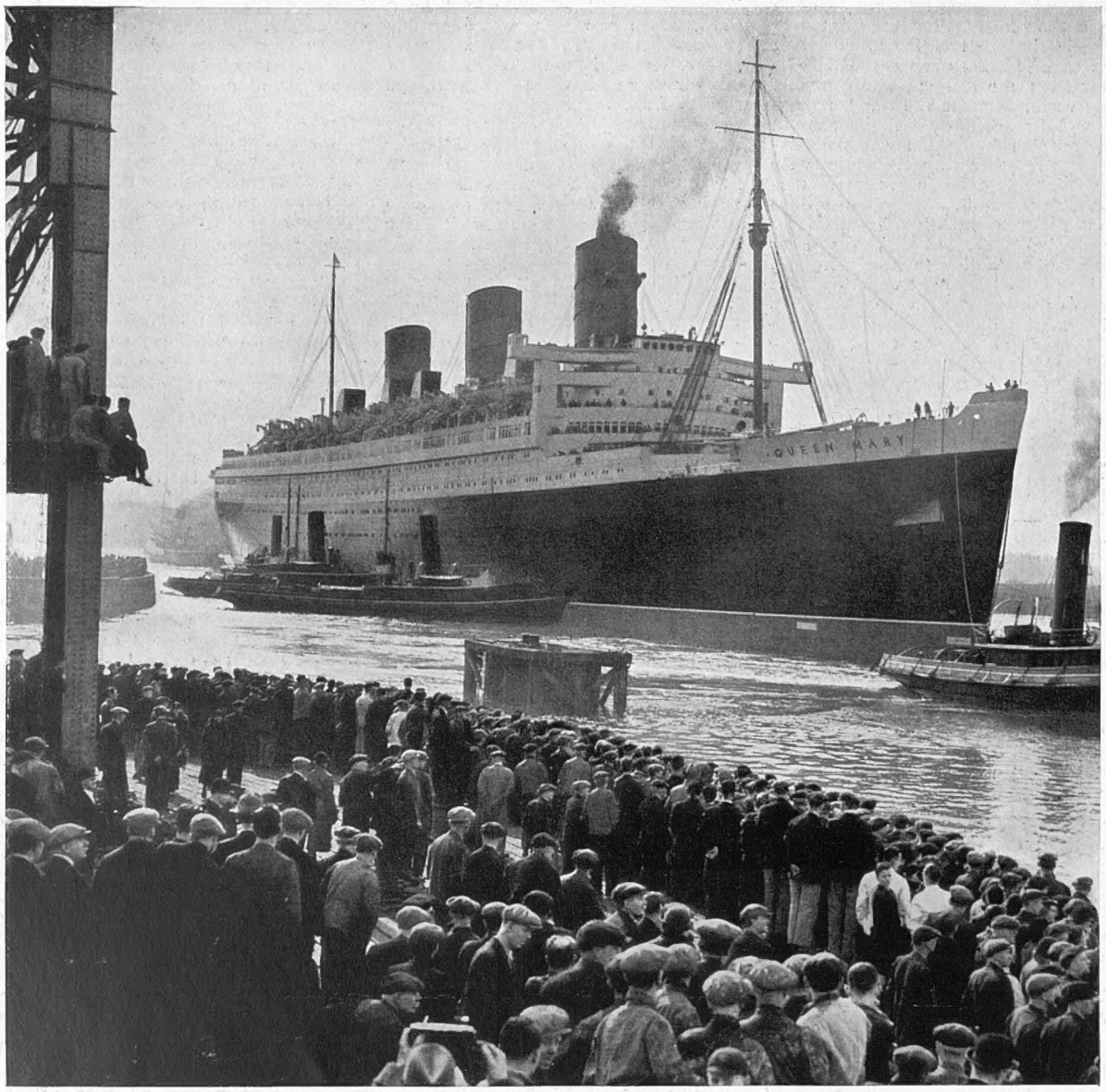
SAD LEAVE-TAKING: Removing the portrait of a distinguished "Savage" (*left*), and a panel (*right*), inset with a caricature, during the transference of the famous Savage Club from its present home at No. 6, Adelphi Terrace to new quarters in Carlton House Terrace—a move that is but one step in the gradual disappearance of the Adelphi as generations have known it. The Savage, rendezvous of notabilities of the world of science, letters, and the arts, was formed about 80 years ago, its first meeting being held in the White Hart Tavern, off Drury Lane, in the 'fifties. Among the early members were George Augustus Sala, and Artemus Ward

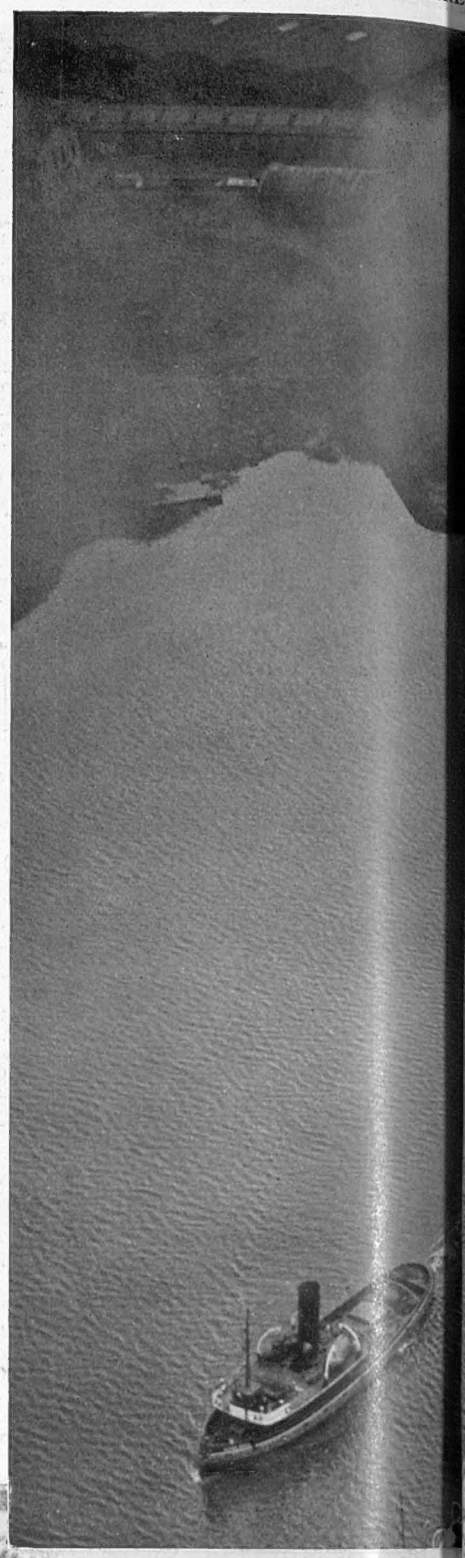


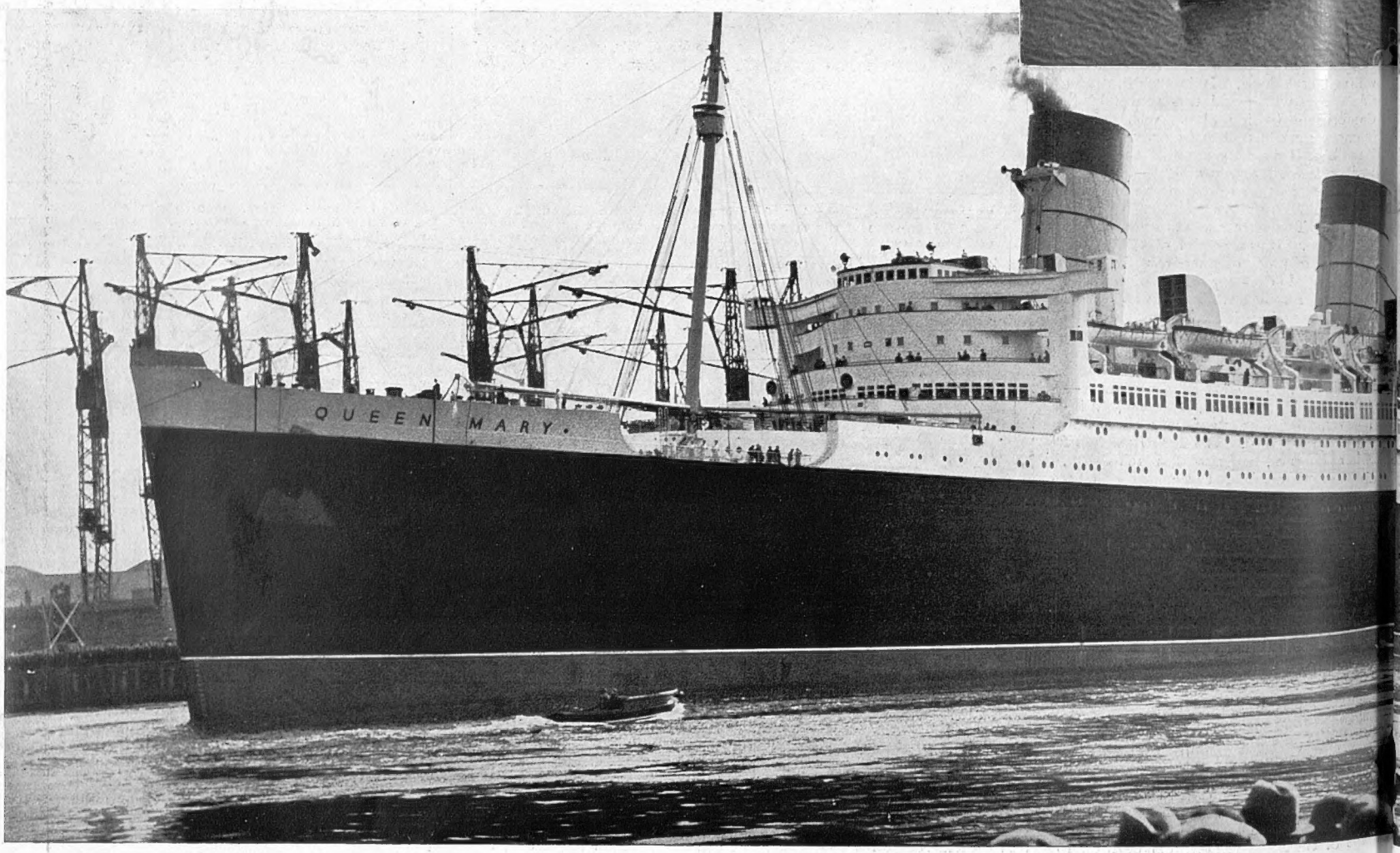
TREE-LINED WHITEHALL IN THE DAYS OF THE HANSOM: A reminder of a more leisured era when only horse-drawn traffic ambled down the "street of the bureaucrats"; vehicles typifying the pace of life in Victoria's time. The view shows well "the green break" of Whitehall, for it is here that the Government is proposing to build a vast block of offices, providing room for several Ministries and accommodation for 5,366 civil servants who will occupy 16 acres of floor space. Full details of the scheme will be found on pages 538, 539, and 540, with illustrations of the buildings to be displaced

TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS DOWN THE CLYDE

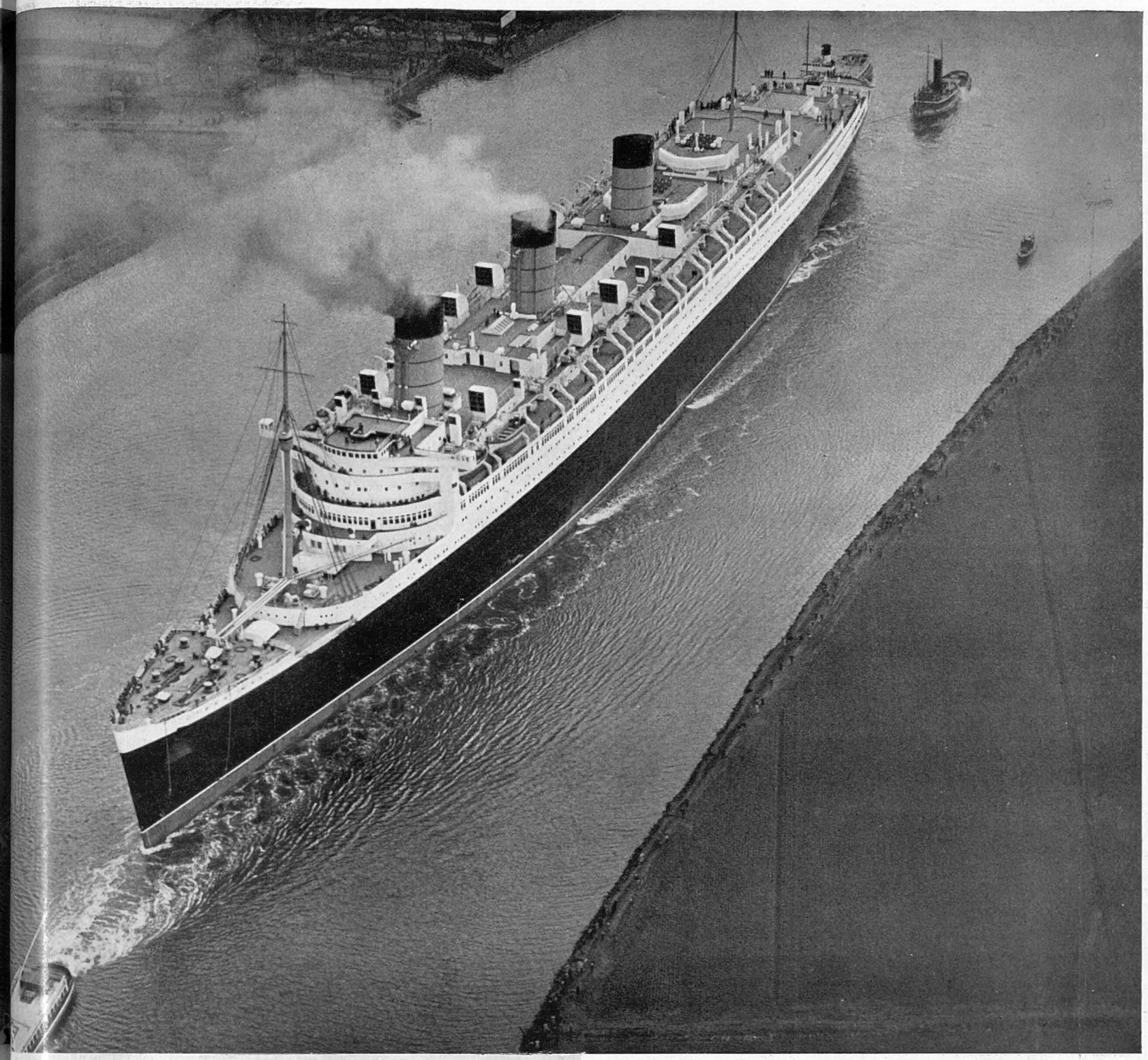
The "Queen Mary" Pictured on her Historic Voyage to the Sea



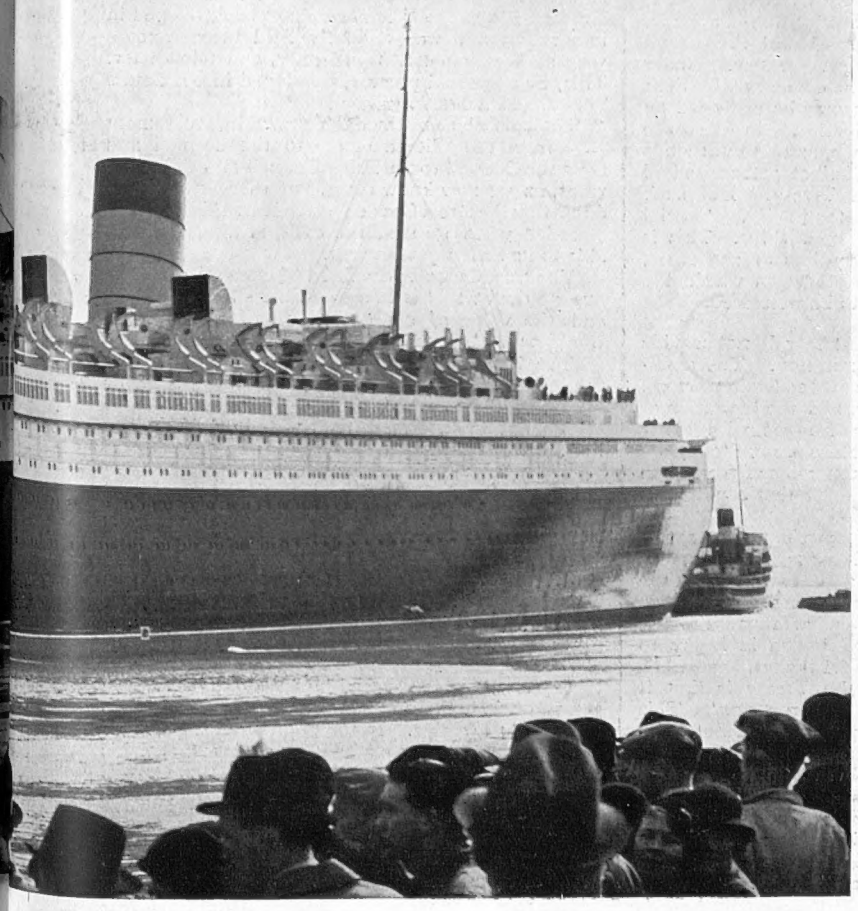


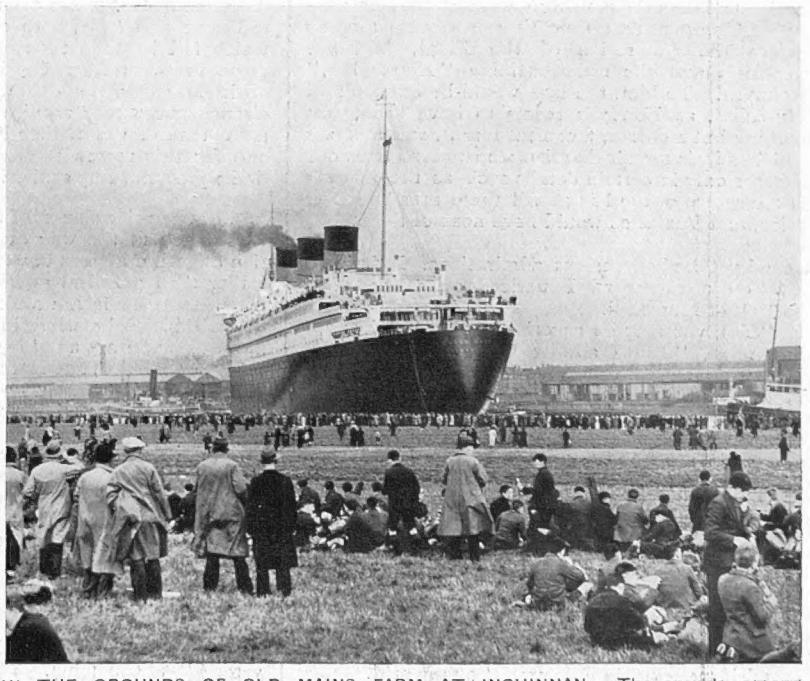


THE START OF THE JOURNEY: The *Queen Mary*, her graceful lines revealed clearly for the first time, towering high above the acclaiming throng as she began her fifteen-mile voyage down the Clyde immediately after the attendant tugs had manœuvred her out of the fitting-out basin where she had lain for the eighteen months since her launching. The great liner's progress was not without incident, the tortuous bends she had to negotiate offering only the very minimum of clearance, and twice she touched the river bed, once off Dalmuir Light at 10·35 a.m., and a second time some twenty-five minutes later. Eventually, however, all was well and, ahead of schedule, she reached the open Firth in safety, where she was cheered for many minutes on end by the crowd, and welcomed by full-throated blasts on the sirens or the shrill whistles of every vessel there



"THE STATELIEST SHIP IN BEING": A striking overhead view of the *Queen Mary* gliding down the river, two of her attendant tugs in front and two others behind, ready to render aid when taking the bends at Beardmore, Bowling, and Prince's Pier. In honour of the occasion nearly all Glasgow seemed to be on holiday, schools and many shops, offices and factories being closed, but so many vantage points were available along the 15 miles between Clydebank and Greenock that only at a few places were the crowds uncomfortably dense. Among the passengers on board was Sir Percy Bates, chairman of Cunard White Star





IN THE GROUNDS OF OLD MAINS FARM AT INCHINNAN: The crowds, among which were many enthusiastic schoolchildren, watching, from the fields opposite John Brown's yard, as the liner was being carefully manœuvred out of the fitting-out basin into mid-stream. *On left*—A picture which gives an idea of the immense length and of the great dignity of the *Queen Mary*. She is so perfectly proportioned that it is difficult to credit that she has such an enormous tonnage

The Late Eleutherios Venizelos

One of the most Spectacular Personalities of Our Time

THE careers of politicians who survive their sixtieth year are often in the nature of an anti-climax. Eleutherios Venizelos, who has just died a political exile in Paris, provides a rather pathetic example of this tendency. His remarkable prestige at the period of the Peace settlement could hardly be maintained, and there is little doubt that the happenings of the last ten years had dispersed a good deal of that prestige.

At Versailles the influence which a small State might wield under the new international system was brilliantly exploited by this admittedly brilliant man. The useful assistance rendered the Allies in the war by Greece, and Venizelos' decisive rôle in bringing his country in; the strong personal friendship which sprang up between the Cretan and the Welshman, Lloyd George; and Venizelos' vast, if consciously exploited, personal charm—these three factors contributed to make the Greek premier perhaps the outstanding figure, after the "Big Four," of the conference. Whether the disproportionate influence he wielded at the conference and the extensive personal publicity he received proved good for him or for Greece in the long run, such expert observers as Mr. Wickham Steed, Mr. Harold Nicolson, and the late Robert Lansing have agreed that his moral stature was unexcelled by any man at that gathering of big men.

The surprising thing is that his almost facile success at Versailles appeared to some judges, bluntly, to have gone to Venizelos' head. The man whose whole life had been devoted to the task of creating real democracy for Greece (the name "Eleutherios" means "Liberty") seemed now to identify good government with a Venizelist government.

Within the last eighteen months Venizelos gave me two long interviews. In the first—given in London, before the debacle of last spring—he spoke chiefly of Greece's position in international affairs, and defended the Versailles settlement of the Balkans. He made one or two provocative remarks about the attitude of such dissatisfied Powers as Hungary, whose arguments for re-examination of the map of Europe he considered quite inadequate.

In Paris late last summer it was a very different Venizelos who greeted me. Still immensely vigorous and alive in his manner—he was a far more powerfully built man than his portraits suggest—he was distinctly a man "on edge." He felt that the British Press had treated the March "revolution" unsympathetically, and was anxious to set matters right. We spoke English, but he was not nearly so fluent as during our previous interview.

His charming English-born wife, Mme Helena Venizelos, quite as much a diplomat as her husband, assisted him, tactfully parrying embarrassing questions, soothing her husband when—as happened once or twice—he seemed ready to turn an innocent question into an innuendo, and amplifying his replies skilfully.

"I'm trying hard to make him write his memoirs," smiled his wife, leaning affectionately towards him. "They'd be marvellous, if only he would get down to it."

He smiled placidly, a trace of vanity in his face. He raised his hand in a deprecating gesture.

He talked of the men who were ruling, or misruling Greece at that time (it was several months before the restoration of the King), Metaxas, Tsaldaris and the swashbuckling "Kingmaker," Kondylis. To him, the late would-be emulator of Mussolini, as Kondylis seems to have been, was nothing but a coarse, truculent tyrant, and Metaxas and Tsaldaris pseudo-Fascists who differed from one another only in certain details such as the manner of the return of the King. All these men had their price, and Venizelos would have none of them.

And yet he had curious admirations. Prominent on a sideboard I noticed an autographed portrait of Mussolini.

"Yes, you may be surprised at that, I know," he smiled, "But I admire Mussolini immensely. He has done great things for Italy. For Italy he is superb—but Greece does not need a Mussolini."

I certainly could hardly visualise this neat, precise, bearded democrat as a heaven-sent "Duce"; and yet in the last twelve months there have been many suggestions that the "Leader" virus had got under Venizelos' skin. The lust for power, it was said, was now so strong in him that democracy had to take a second place. The fine Liberalism which had fascinated Lloyd George at Versailles seemed a little tarnished; the man who, when an assassin's bullet brought him down in the Gare de Lyon a dozen years ago, was found clutching in his hand "A Short History of English Liberalism" was drifting towards Fascism, So they said.

Was it true? I do not know. All I knew was that I was sitting talking to one of the most spectacular personalities of our time at a dramatic moment in his erratic career.

Glyn Roberts

THE FLYING ENVOY IN LONDON: Herr von Ribbentrop who, when Chancellor Hitler decided that Germany should participate in the League Council's discussions regarding the re-militarisation of the Rhineland, flew to London to state his country's case. He later returned to Germany, bearing the proposals of the Locarno Powers and, after conferring with the Fuehrer, again journeyed to England by air. He is pictured here with fellow delegates

The New Naval Treaty

And what it Signifies

IT is a habit for naval writers to revile treaties of naval limitation. But that, in the light of events and the recent White Paper on Defence, would appear to be the fault of the treaties. In the treaty signed at St. James's Palace on Wednesday there is nothing to revile.

In the first place it binds the Powers, during the term of the treaty, not to build bigger and bigger in the matter of battleships. It goes further and limits the gun calibre of future battleships to 14 in. instead of 16 in. This, at least, will make for economy and will provide a check upon competitive building.

One of the main points of the treaty is that it institutes a six-year building holiday in cruisers of the larger type—that is, mounting guns of more than 6.1-inch calibre. Thus, for six years at least, we shall see no more cruisers built with 8-inch guns.

The treaty provides for the fusion of the normal cruiser category and the destroyer category. Under the new treaty there is the one category of "light surface vessels." This fusion may be criticised on the grounds that it has been instituted in deference to France and Italy, both of whom had built ships which fell between the two distinct categories laid down in the former London Treaty. But such criticism would be difficult to justify. Special circumstances may require special ships. This is more true of the British Navy than of any other, and for this reason freedom of design within the limits proscribed by sanity is to be welcomed.

The submarine clauses of the treaty do not provide much in the way of limitation. The abolition of such craft has become an academic proposal rather than practical politics, and the limitation of undersea craft is a problem fraught with many difficulties. Submarines in future are not to exceed 2,000 tons and are not to mount guns of more than 5.1 in. calibre, That is the most that could have been expected.

In the matter of aircraft carriers, too, sanity appears to have prevailed. No longer will fanatics of the material school be able to advocate the building of vast floating aerodromes whose value must be a constant source of embarrassment to any naval commander. They are limited in future to 23,000 tons and their guns to 6.1 inches.

An interesting point of the Treaty is that it establishes a "zone of no construction." This means that the contracting parties must not build ships (other than aircraft carriers) of a tonnage between 17,500 and the high limit for "light service vessels" (8,000 tons). This clause must have a great effect upon any possible naval competition, for it at once precludes the building of some revolutionary type of ship which will set the navies of the world trying to "go one better."

Kenneth Edwards

Electing England's Monarchs

The Saxon origin of the Elaborate Accession Ceremonial

THE accession of King Edward VIII to the throne of England has introduced the last two generations to ceremonies of which they can have no previous experience.

By far the most interesting of these was the meeting of the Great Council at St. James's Palace. This Council, which is unlike any other, has its origin in the Witenagemote of the early Saxon conquerors of this country.

During the Roman occupation there were, of course, no kings, as the Roman rulers were appointed in Rome, the inhabitants of this country having no say in the matter.

It is a curious fact that though the Germans, from whose country the Saxons came, had no kings, on establishing themselves in England they at once appointed royal leaders, though such leaders became kings over those whom they had led to conquest, rather than over those whom they had conquered.

Nearly all the parts of England which were subdued by the Saxons had their own kings, and in each case these traced their origin from Wodin, the great German god, and so assumed a divine descent.

The Witenagemote was the supreme Council of State in Anglo-Saxon times, and was composed of the Witan, or wisest men of the kingdom. This council was summoned together on the death of a king and elected his successor, so the theory persisted right up to the Middle Ages that the king was elected, and this fact was so stated in the Coronation Service.

It was not necessary for the Witan to elect the last king's eldest son, though it invariably chose one of his sons, or a member of his family.

Even when an Anglo-Saxon king had been killed in battle or overthrown, the people would not acknowledge his conqueror as king until he had been elected by the Witan.

When the election had been duly made, the newly elected king took his oath. The oath taken by Ethelred the Unready is thus recorded:—

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, these things do I promise; first that I will hold God's church and all the Christian people of my realm in the peace; secondly that I will forbid all rapine and injustice to men of all conditions; thirdly that I promise and enjoin justice and mercy in all judgments whereby the just and merciful God may give us all His Eternal Favour."

Anglo-Saxon kings used the Witenagemote to advise them on the general affairs of their kingdoms and so when William of Normandy completed his conquest, he with commendable foresight took over the best of what existed in his newly won domains, and introduced into them only such customs and laws of his native land as he considered would best fit in and improve the already existing conditions.

William I. was himself eventually elected King by the Witan, each member of which took Oaths of Allegiance to him at Berkhampstead. During the Norman Kings the Witenagemote was developed in importance and was regularly held three times a year at Westminster, Winchester, and Gloucester. This, by a gradual process, developed into a Court.

This is no place to trace the gradual development from the Witenagemote to the Council and from the Council to the Privy Council and to Parliament, as we now know them, but there can be no doubt that the Great Council which King Edward VIII attended when he took the oath, is directly traceable to its Saxon predecessor.

The attendance of the Lord Mayor of London is due no doubt to his being considered as a baron, and the value of his knowledge of trade affairs would naturally assist the King in his decisions.

The Normans brought with them the idea of the hereditary right, and so, except by war or treachery, the crown of England has descended from the time of the conquest to the dead king's lawful heir.

After the new King has duly taken his oath before the Great Council and his Government and Ministers have taken the Oath of Allegiance to him, the new King issues his Proclamation.

The Proclamation of the new King was made at St. James's by Garter King of Arms, while at Temple Bar and the Royal Exchange (see picture in colours on pages 542 and 543 of this issue), other Kings of Arms, read the Proclamation. Originally, messengers were sent by the king throughout the kingdom with proclamations, and in course of time these messengers became known as the King's Heralds. In the reign of Henry V the principal herald was made King of Arms, and his office was to attend the Knights of the Garter. Edward IV created the other Kings of Arms—Clarenceux and Norroy.

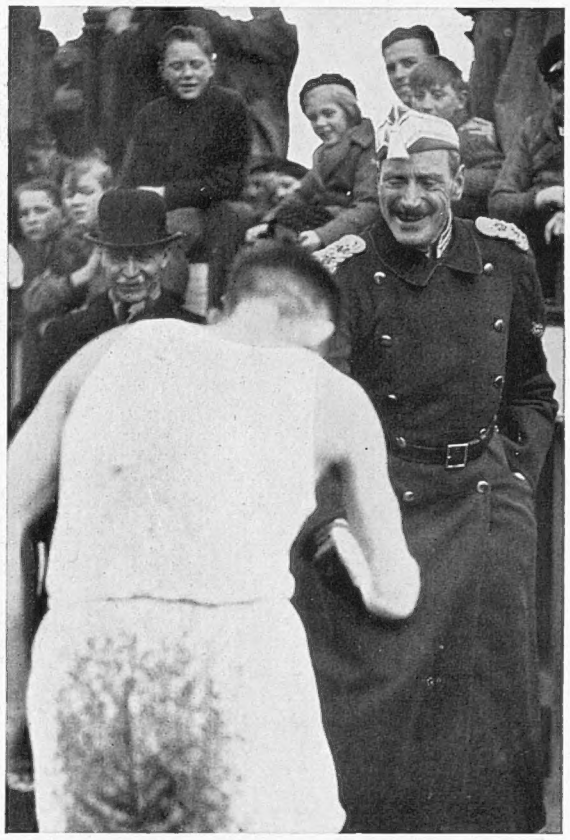
At the coronation of King Edward VIII we shall look forward to reading of other ceremonies, many of them dating back to Anglo-Saxon times.

W. Le Hardy

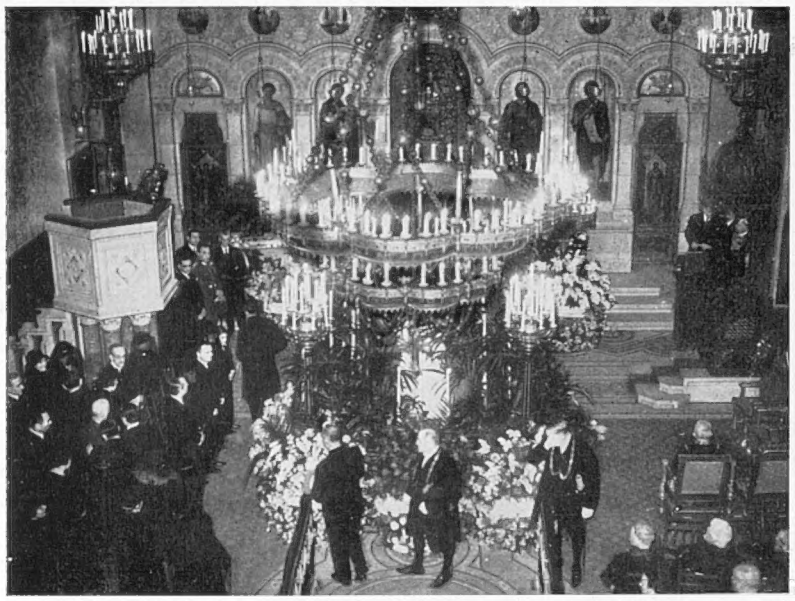
THE SPHERE SURVEYS THE WORLD : NEWS FROM TWO CONTINENTS

The Tripartite Discussions — The Death of Venizelos — Spanish Incendiarism — New England Inundated

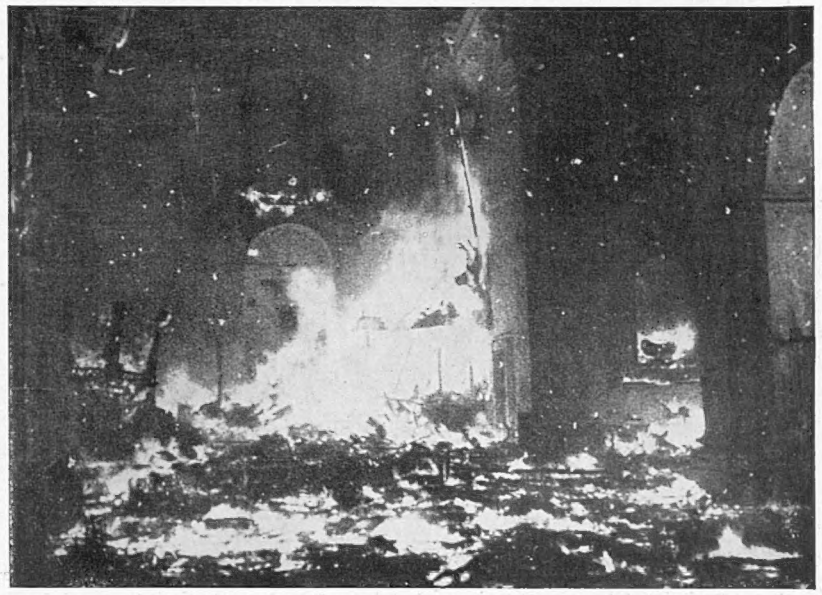
THE DANUBIAN DISCUSSIONS IN ROME: Herr Schuschnigg (centre), Austrian Chancellor, pictured on the steps of the Victor Emmanuele monument during his visit to the Italian capital, when he conferred with Signor Mussolini and General Gömbös, the Hungarian Prime Minister, on the political, economic, and cultural problems of the Danubian countries. A new agreement has been made by the three statesmen, the most important outcome of which is the strengthening of Austria's independence



ALL SMILES: King Christian of Denmark, in accordance with his usual custom, watched the finish of the annual five-mile cross-country race held outside Copenhagen, and His Majesty is pictured here shaking hands with Harry Siefert, the much mud-bespattered winner



THE STORMY PETREL OF GREEK POLITICS PASSES: The scene in the Orthodox Church in Paris during the funeral service for the late Eleutherios Venizelos, eight times Prime Minister of Greece and three times the leader of a revolution. He made his last dramatic stroke a year ago when he attempted to foment a revolt against the pending restoration of King George II

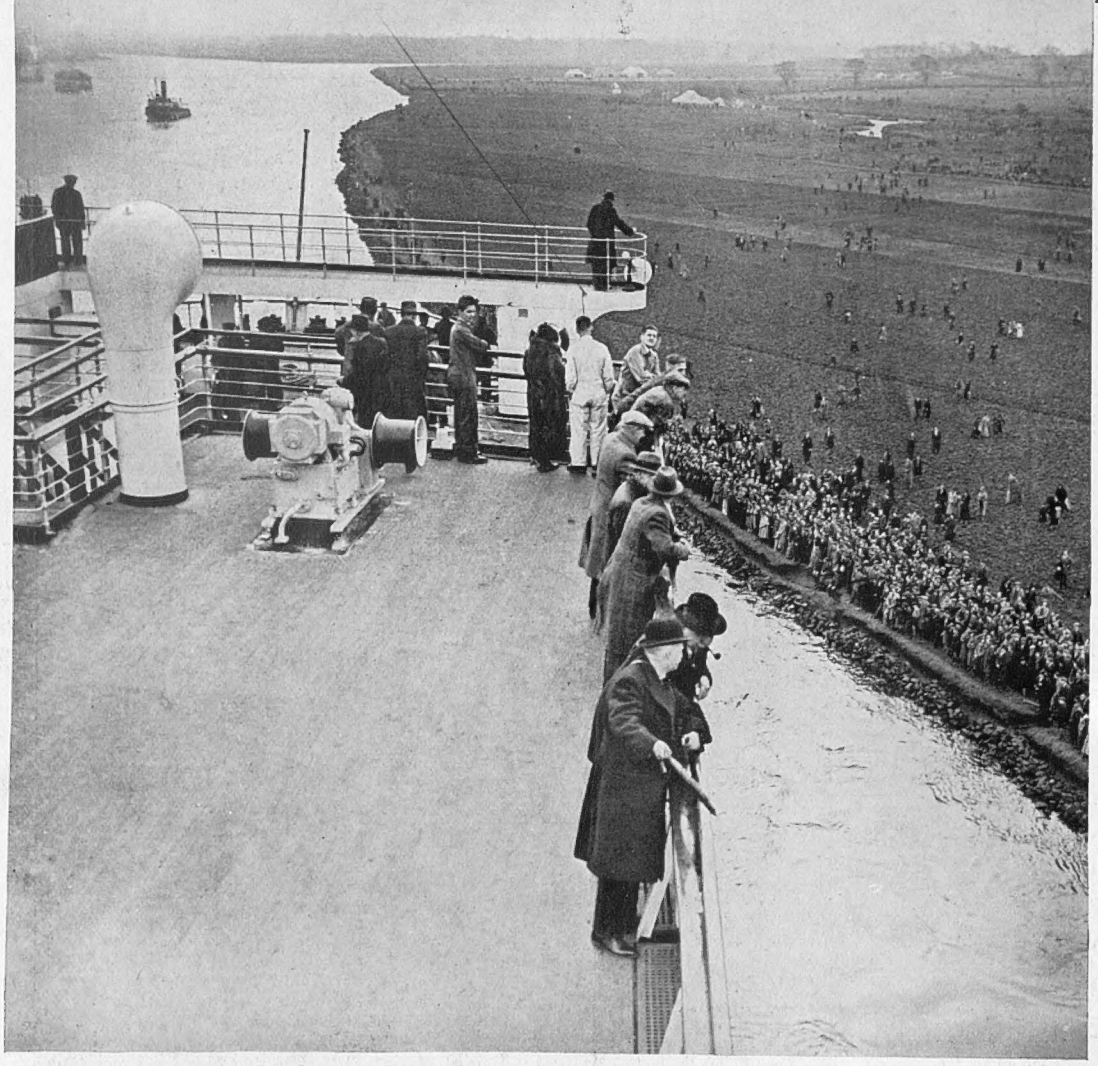


THE TRAIL OF ARSON IN SPAIN: Since the Government of the Left came into power at the recent elections, a strong anti-religious feeling has been manifesting itself, acts of violence extending from Cadiz to the centre of Madrid and involving damage to or the destruction of no fewer than twenty churches, including San Jeronimo and San Luis, Madrid, which is seen ablaze in this picture

IN MEMORY OF THE FALLEN: An open-air religious service at the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Athens—a ceremony attended by King George. Thanks to the King's firm stand, events in Greece appear to be taking a turn for the better although the Royalist extremists have been demonstrating against the Government's arrangements to honour the late M. Venizelos

HAVOC OF THE FLOODS IN THE UNITED STATES: A section of the town of Keene, New Hampshire, isolated by the overflowing of the Ashuelot River as a result of abnormally heavy rains. An area almost equalling the size of France is affected, and the death roll is estimated at over 200 while the damage to property is in excess of £100,000,000. There has been grave danger of epidemics

NERVE CENTRE OF THE WONDER SHIP: A tense moment on the bridge of the *Queen Mary* when, abreast of Dalmuir Light, the vessel was buffeted off her course and went aground. Captain Duncan Cameron, the pilot, is anxiously peering out of the window on the left, and next to him is Sir Edgar Britten



DISASTER THREATENING: Passengers anxiously looking over the rails and crowds gazing up from the banks of the Clyde as the *Queen Mary*, her lofty hull caught by the wind, was swept from midstream and lay diagonally athwart the river, the stern grounding on the mud on the Renfrew side and the bows almost simultaneously scraping the Dumbarton foreshore. No human foresight or effort could have prevented this and, but for the very skilful work of the captain, the pilot, and the tug-masters the situation might have become grave indeed

SIR EDGAR BRITTEN, the senior captain, pictured on the bridge with Mr. Stephen J. Pigott, a director of Messrs. John Brown and Company

"QUEEN MARY" GOES AGROUND

— and is Successfully Floated Off

Every possible precaution was taken to safeguard the *Queen Mary* on her hazardous voyage downstream, but just as all on board were congratulating themselves on the perfect start the elements took a hand in the game, the liner being forced across the river by the wind in less than sixty seconds despite the frantic efforts of the attendant tugs. So slight was the jar when she grounded that no one felt it, although it soon became noticeable that something was amiss when she took a slight list to port. The *Queen Mary* remained aground—or rather, lightly embedded in the mud—for exactly twenty minutes, minutes that seemed like hours, but by 11·18 she began to move, and although danger again threatened farther down stream the vessel put her engines full speed astern and all was well

FRANCE—POLITICAL AND MILITARY : The Royalist Trial in Paris, and the Manning of the Rhineland Defences

POWER OF THE PEN: M. Charles Maurras, one of France's most distinguished writers and a director of the Royalist newspaper, *Action Française*, answering the questions of the presiding judge during his trial in a Paris court on a charge of "provocation to murder," resulting from an article he wrote and which is alleged to have led to the street assault on M. Léon Blum, the Socialist leader. At the opening session M. Maurras stated that he took full responsibility for the article in which in the following words he threatened 140 deputies who had signed a manifesto demanding Sanctions against Italy: "Let the wretched men understand," he affirmed, "that they will answer for peace with their own heads. If peace collapses they will die one by one." M. Léon Daudet, the Royalist leader, has been vigorously defending the accused, stating that "his sentence would be a public misfortune"

ON THE MAGINOT LINE: General Niéger in conversation with two members of the Army Commission appointed by the French Chamber to visit and inspect the eastern frontier fortifications and the new disposition of troops made on the Rhineland border to meet the emergency created by Germany's occupation of the neighbouring demilitarised zone. Belgium has been taking similar precautionary measures, while Holland, although not a signatory to the Locarno Treaty, decided not to allow army conscripts to go on furlough until the very delicate situation in Western Europe eased somewhat

GUARDIANS OF THE BAS-RHIN: Troops taking a meal in the open air at an advanced post near the German frontier, whither they were rushed some days ago from a neighbouring garrison town. Men also came from more distant parts of the country

A VISIT TO THE DANGER ZONE: General Maurice Gamelin, Chief of the French General Staff, and successor of General Weygand as vice-president of the Supreme War Council, speaking at a dinner in Strasbourg, where he recently arrived to superintend troop movements along the Maginot line

IN A PARCHED LAND: One of the great tanks cut in the hillside at Aden to conserve the town's water supply which, but for this, would be quite inadequate, as rain is a rare occurrence in the Protectorate

Abyssinia's Neighbours—1

THE ADEN PROTECTORATE

The First of Two Articles Dealing with Present-Day Conditions Near the Theatre of War

By PATRICK BALFOUR

(The Author has recently returned from East Africa where he has been acting as a Special Correspondent)

ALARM, like enchantment, is enhanced by a distant view. Addis Ababa, when I left it, showed little sign of war: less, indeed, than in the tense days before the war started, when soldiers drilled in every available open space and there was an atmosphere of general anxiety. Now the first crop of hay was being stacked in the big field behind the station. The Abyssinian, apathetic and unthinking as every primitive race, shambled through the bazaars, his antiquated rifle slung carelessly over his shoulder, engaged on his daily bargaining. The Armenians and the Greeks lolled about at the doors of their shops with a look of disillusioned boredom: business was as usual, but not so brisk. News occasionally filtered through, usually via Rome, of certain military operations in the North. But the population remained dully indifferent.

Aden was rather different. The fleet filled the harbour as the *Tuna*, the small weekly cargo-ship from Djibouti, steamed in past the volcanic rocks, like cardboard mountains, which surround it. The hotel was full, since most of it had been commandeered by the navy, deciphering day and night a stream of urgent and uneasy telegrams. Destroyers patrolled the Red Sea, and there were reports of "incidents" with Italian ships.

Aeroplanes zoomed overhead in battle formation and the officers, living, as in wartime, in improvised billets, grumbled at the order forbidding their wives to come out. Plans for the evacuation of women and children in case of emergency had been prepared, and the authorities did not want any more. There had been an air-raid rehearsal as a result of which thousands of the native population had fled in terror to the hills and shipping was paralysed by the consequent lack of coolies. Gas experts were giving instruction in gas drill. Among Aden's huge precautionary army was an atmosphere of tension, rumour, anxiety, and continuous war talk.

We, it seemed, were far more alarmed about the war than the Abyssinians themselves.

The place itself was picturesque by comparison with Addis Ababa. Aden is not unlike a model town, especially when you see it from the top of one of its toy mountains, battlemented like a child's fort. A model tarmac road, fringed by neat and orderly British buildings, traverses the waterless gravel expanse between the rocks and the sea, winds upwards and penetrates the rocks through giant clefts and tunnels until it reaches the Crater Town Here, in orderly numbered stone streets which they have nevertheless contrived to invest with the seething and picturesque chaos of their native towns, live the Arabs. Here in clean, cool, empty rooms they entertained me, squatting barefoot on carpets to gigantic meals of rice and spiced meats, with cool draughts of water from Japanese thermos flasks, sweet Arab coffee, and (as a substitute for alcohol) khat leaves to chew afterwards.

Their gracious hospitality, their elegant clothes, their amiable Moslem culture, were in pleasant contrast to the primitive bleakness of the Abyssinians, and I could not help thinking how different Abyssinia might have been if it had been conquered by Islam.

They talked of the war since, commercially, it concerned them intimately.

My host, who dealt in camels, had just returned from British Somaliland. The Italians had ordered 3,000 camels from him. He bought the camels in British Somaliland, but the British authorities would not allow him to export them to Eritrea; the French were equally adamant, and he was forced to resell them at a loss.

The Indians and Arabs in Aden had been doing a roaring trade with the Italians, and prices had soared. Flour, formerly 12s. per sack, was now 20s.: sugar had risen from 13s. to 18s.; rice had risen by 3s. Small fortunes were being made.

But only on paper. Only the big traders were paid in sterling, through the Italian consul, from the deposits which the Italians had in Aden banks. These were used principally for the purchase of petrol, for the petroleum companies from the start refused to ship goods until cash was received. The rest, if they were paid at all, were paid in lire, which subsequently turned out to be so much waste paper. For one fine day the Italian consul issued an order calling in all 500 and 1,000 lire notes in exchange for credits in Italy itself, and indicating that the notes would be put out of circulation after a certain date (which, in fact, they never were). Credits in Italy were, of course, useless to Arabs in Aden, especially as they could not be employed for the purchase of imports but must be invested either in Italian securities or landed property.

When the appointed date came not a single trader had handed in his lire, though there were known to be millions in notes in Aden. Most of them preferred to take advantage of the speculation in the lira which began to rage. The local money-changers and the Italians themselves began buying lire for sterling at 120 to the £ with the intention, despite regulations forbidding the import of more than a limited sum, of smuggling them into Italy, where the lira is still pegged at sixty to the £. This racket still rages, most of the smuggling being carried out through intermediate agents in Egypt. A similar racket is the smuggling of silver dollars from Abyssinia itself or the Yemen via Aden into Eritrea, where the dollar stood at one time over 200 per cent. higher than in Addis Ababa.

Nevertheless, fortunes have been lost by Aden traders owing to the Italian inability to pay for goods. Apart from the would-be war profiteers, those who export skins and coffee to Italy in the normal way of business complain that they have not received payment for over a year, and moan bitterly over Italy's frozen credits. In India, which exports large quantities of rice to Italy, the situation is the same.

The result of this was the automatic imposition of sanctions against Italy even before sanctions were officially imposed by Geneva, making the League's action, as far as the Red Sea was concerned, entirely superfluous. This undoubtedly hit the Italians hard, particularly on the Southern front where provisions were scarce, and severely hampered the campaign in the Ogaden. The head of Aden's principal trading firm showed me a sheaf of telegrams he had received from his agent in Mogadishu, imploring him to send foodstuffs and adding "will do my best *re* payment."

"Their best," he said to me with a smile, "is not good enough for me."

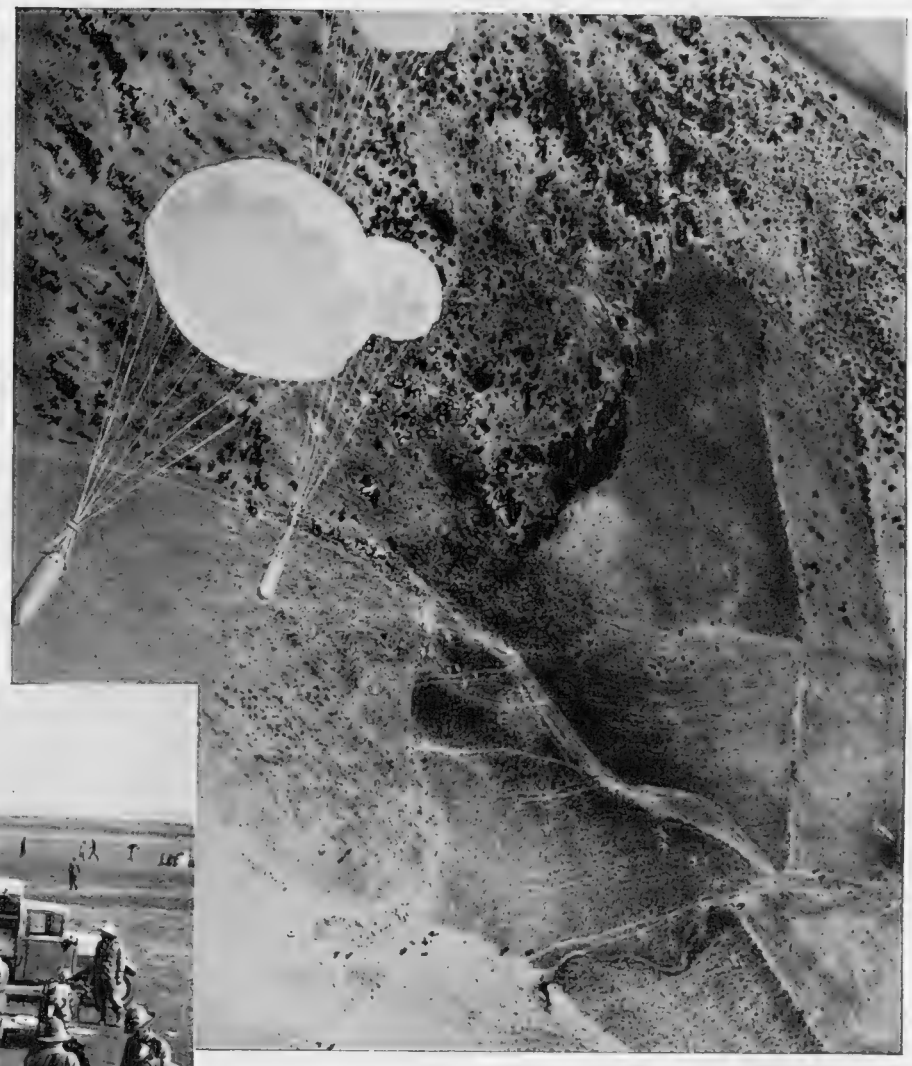
Another racket with which the British authorities had to contend was the export of Arab labour from the Protectorate to the Italian colonies, since the Italians are suffering from a chronic shortage of coolies, particularly in the harbours of Massawa and Mogadishu. The Resident nipped this in the bud by an order that no one might leave the Protectorate without a special permit, but the smuggling of men in sailing dhows still continued until rumours came back that the men were not receiving their pay.

NATIVE HOSPITALITY: Patrick Balfour, author of the accompanying article, seated cross-legged on the floor at a luncheon party at Aden given by members of the Arab population

SUPPLIES from the SKIES

Dropping Food to the Troops from 'Planes, and Other Aspects of the Campaigns in North and South Abyssinia

THE C.-IN-C. INSPECTS: General Graziani, commander of the Italian armies invading Ethiopia from the south, passing down the ranks of the Foreign Legion—a force recruited from Italians living abroad. Many of the men wear smoked glasses on account of the sun's glare



PARACHUTED MANNA: Sacks of food gliding to earth above the Italian lines during the recent battle of Enderta when this was found to be the most effective method of ensuring that Marshal Badoglio's men received their supplies. *Inset on Left*—The provisions being placed in straw-lined sacks before being loaded on to the 'planes

ENCIRCLING MOVEMENT: An aerial view showing Italian troops converging on a native village during the four-day battle of Enderta, at which the 1st and 3rd Army Corps scored a decisive victory in spite of the tenacious resistance of the troops of Ras Mulugueta, the veteran Minister of War, who has since died of pneumonia as a result of exposure. According to Marshal Badoglio's communiqué (No. 126 of the campaign), his men attained all the objectives marked for them, and the Italian flag was hoisted by a detachment of Blackshirts of the 23rd March Division, commanded by the Duke of P stoia, over Amba Aradam, which he described as "the bulwark of the enemy defences." Since then Amba Alaji has also fallen, and the Tembien region has been more or less cleared

WITH THE BRITISH AMBUL

The Unit which was Recently Bombed by

ON THE WAY TO DESSIE, HEADQUARTERS OF THE EMPEROR: A narrow bridge, with hardly any balustrading and in consequence somewhat nerve-racking to negotiate with lorries, crossed by the British ambulance unit en route to the northern theatre of war, where it has been rendering admirable service. During the rainy season the greater part of this valley is submerged

THE UNIT'S CAMP AT WALDIA: A picture taken from the top of a and observers of Italian bombing 'planes, who frequently passed over flag spread on the ground. Later, however, when two warning flags the excuses put forward by Marshal Badoglio in that Mr. Melly,

MECCA OF THE DISTRESSED: Warriors awaiting attention outside the Red Cross tent where from fifty to ninety out-patients have been coming daily, and as many as 70 in-patients have been cared for at the same time. During the first fortnight's work about 2,000 Abyssinians were treated; some of them for wounds received in battle, and others for tropical diseases and complaints not connected with the war

PATIENTS WRAPPED IN THEIR STRIPED BLANKETS IN THE CENTRE OF THE CAMP: The population of the surrounding countryside has been flocking in to be treated, and both men and women seem to have complete confidence in the doctors, and invariably show deep gratitude for all that is done for them. One man rode a two-days' journey on his mule to have a shattered ankle set

PICKING UP WOUNDED: A region after one of the to have been carried In order to facilitate mules and muleteers,

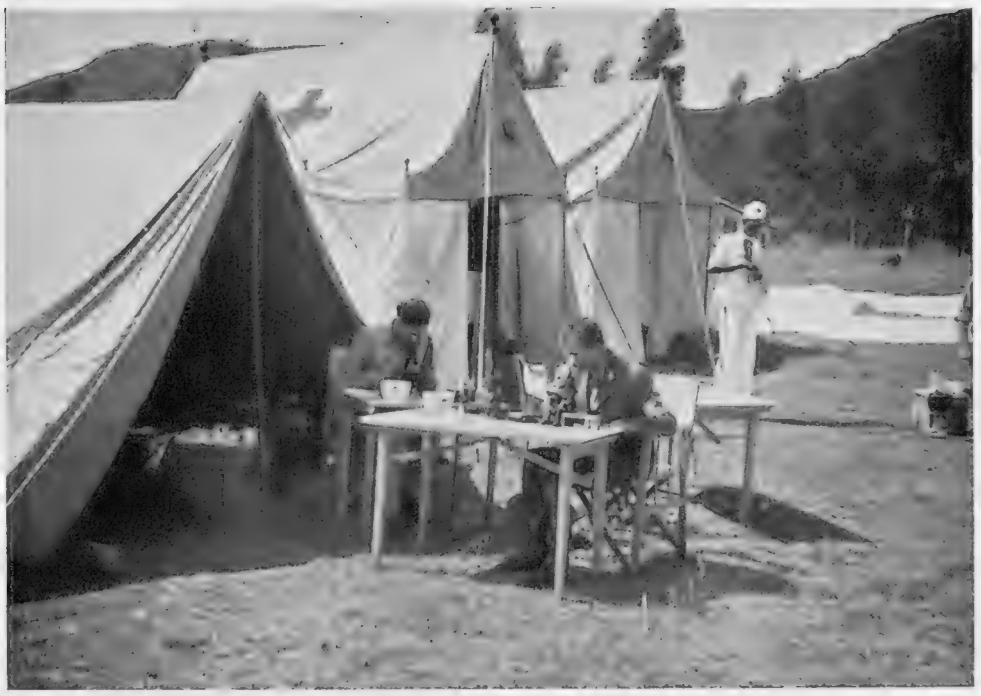
TAKING SAMPLES: One of the unit's tropical medicine experts looking for the larvæ of mosquitoes, which are found in swampy ground. In other countries the anopheles does not as a rule breed at such altitudes

THE ROCKY ROAD TO WALDIA, which, prior to the arrival of the British ambulances, had only once before been traversed by lorries. The vehicles were able to move forward only at a snail's pace

NCE SERVICE IN ETHIOPIA

e Italians Three Times within a Few Days

ighbouring hill, giving some idea of how it would appear to the pilots ad without making an attack, paying due respect to the 40 ft. Red Cross re in position, the camp was bombarded, and it is difficult to understand der of the unit, had chosen a site away from any Abyssinian troops



OUTSIDE A WARD TENT: Two of the doctors at work examining microscopic slides from which much valuable data are being obtained regarding health conditions in this region hitherto a *terra incognita* to members of the medical profession. A native nursing orderly can be seen in the background, while a portion of the 40-ft. Red Cross flag is discernible pegged out on the ground in the distance

A DANGER SPOT: The large number of casualties on the northern front necessitated the despatch of many of the wounded to Dessie, where a Dutch ambulance was at work, and in this picture one of the British lorries is seen crossing a ford, consisting of a series of boulders over which the driver has to move with the greatest caution. On some occasions the vehicles have become embedded in the soft mud of the river, thus necessitating a long halt in order to extricate them

ry making its rounds in the Waldia most daily Italian air raids which appear t at fairly regular hours in the mornings. is work the unit also has seventy ovided by Emperor Haile Selassie

PERILOUS JOURNEY: Two of the three ambulances engaged in taking the more seriously wounded back to Dessie over the tortuous and precipitous road along which it is possible to attain an average speed of no more than four miles per hour as every effort is made to prevent undue suffering to the injured. In some places the highway has been blasted out of solid rock, and frequently the lorries scrape against a cliff on one side and are dangerously near the edge of a precipice on the other as they negotiate hairpin bends. Most of the travelling is done by night, thus rendering progress even more difficult

JOINING THE ARMY

What the Service has to Offer the Young Man of To-day — the Chance to Learn a Trade

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE RECRUITING SERGEANT "DOES HIS STUFF": Explaining to potential recruits the advantages of army life

IT is strange but true that the present drive for securing recruits for the Army is not meeting with success, despite the very considerable amount of space devoted to it in the newspapers, and the extremely attractive terms under which a young fellow can join up. The recruiting year for the Army goes from October 1st to the last day in September. Every twelve months 30,000 men leave the Army. That quantity must be replaced, together with another 3,500 men this year to supply the four battalions which are going to be restored. The chances are, incidentally, that one each will be allocated to the Worcesters, Middlesex, Warwicks, and Royal Fusiliers, each of which regiments lost two battalions shortly after the war. It is possible, of course, that the Irish Fusiliers and the Inniskilling Fusiliers, both of which lost one battalion, may have this addition to their strength. But wherever the battalions are allocated, the fact remains that recruits are coming in very slowly.

As I write, 9,000 have been approved and enlisted since last September. That is at the rate of about 400 a week. This leaves, therefore, 25,000 to be recruited by September 30. This in turn means that they will need to come in from now onwards at the rate of 900 a week. Meantime, it is interesting to discover that three men out of four who apply at the various Recruiting Depots are already in employment and wish for a change, while one in three is able to pass the physical and educational examination.

Here, to be precise, are the details of ten consecutive men who were enlisted the day I visited the central Recruiting Depot at Great Scotland Yard, Whitehall. Their average height was 5 ft. 7 ins.; their average weight was 132 pounds. One man in ten wished to join the Artillery; a similar percentage wished to join the Cavalry; over half wished to join the Infantry; leaving 30 per cent. who chose other Corps.

The first gave as his reason for wishing to join the Army, the variety of employment compared with civilian employment. The second instanced family disagreement. The reason given by the third was his preference for an open air life to office life. The fourth joined up because of sudden loss of employment. The fifth enlisted owing to his dislike of inactivity caused by continuous lack of employment. The sixth was a case of matured juvenile labour. The seventh wish d to go abroad and liked travelline. The eighth was an unskilled man who appreciated the opportunity of learning a trade while in the Army. The ninth was fond of horses and decided to join the Cavalry. The tenth was mechanically-minded.

THE SERGEANT: To-day he can earn over 70s. a week, a substantial sum when it is taken into account that he does not have to pay for his own food and lodging

On right — THE CORPORAL: A good soldier, if efficient and educationally qualified, should be able to increase his pay to 17s. 6d. a week within a year, and when he has two stripes he may receive as much as 47s. 3d.

Number eight is perhaps the most interesting type. Young men are slowly beginning to exchange the old slogan "Join the Army and see the world" for "Join the Army and learn a trade." Instead of becoming apprentices and probably paying for the privilege, or at all events supporting themselves until qualified, they are joining the Army to learn a trade free under expert tuition while being kept and paid for doing it. Number eight is an entirely different type from what the Army used to get before the war. He is well aware of the advantages he can enjoy in the Army and he makes the most of them.

All told there are 110 trades which can be followed. In addition to his ordinary service training, a soldier who is keen and whose record is up to the regular standard can go to an army vocational training centre, where he can receive highly specialised training in a variety of trades, one of which he may wish to enter. Radiography, dispensing, massage, the jobs of being an operating room assistant, a laboratory attendant, and a mental nurse are among those he can learn.

After four to eight years' service with the Colours, the period varying with the branch of the army in which the man enlists, he can enter civil life not only with a trade at his finger tips but also with the assistance of organisations set up for the specific purpose of getting him a job. If he joins at eighteen, it is possible for him to enter civilian life at the age of twenty-five.

As for boys who want to be soldiers, they do not have to wait until they grow up. They can start learning and wear uniform at the age of fourteen. Mechanisation is rapidly making the private soldier into a specialist. The demand for skilled labour is growing steadily, and the army has found that one of the best ways to meet it is by training boys from the age of fourteen. Later on they join their respective corps and become skilled tradesmen. Every year there are 1,500 boys learning their trades in the army schools.

Sucessful candidates are enlisted for a term of twelve years as from the date of attaining the age of eighteen: some for the whole period with the Colours and others for eight years with the Colours and four years with the Army Reserve.

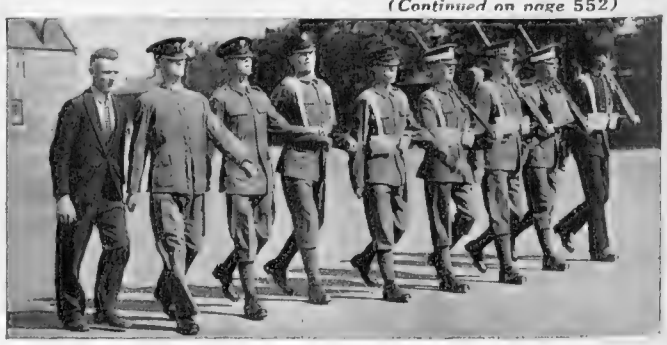
THE ARMY'S CHEFS: An abundant supply of wholesome food with plenty of variety is the feature of catering in the service, which to-day reaches an extraordinarily high standard

In addition to the advantages of learning a trade and being given money to do so, the soldiers' pay has increased tremendously since the War. The 1s. 1d. which one got, for example, in 1918, has now been increased to 2s. a day. This, however, is the pay of the untrained soldier. A good soldier (non-tradesman) should be able, if efficient and educationally qualified, to increase his pay to 17s. 6d. a week after a year. If he is ambitious and becomes a Lance Corporal it mounts immediately to 24s. 6d. a week. A Corporal can earn up to 47s. 3d. a week, and a Sergeant up to 72s. 9d. if he is married and has two children. Except of course for certain skilled tradesmen, no married man is accepted for enlistment in the Regular Army, but a marriage allowance is available for married men of twenty-six years of age amounting at present, in the case of soldiers not on the Married Quarters, to 7s. a week for a wife and an additional 5s., 8s., 10s. and 11s. a week for one, two, three or four children.

Actually a Warrant Officer, Class I, if he has learnt a trade, receives as much as 14s. a day. Even a Regimental Quarter Master Sergeant receives 12s. Perhaps this system of detailing the men's pay by the day or the week instead of by the year is partially responsible for the slowness with which the recruits are coming in. Surely £255 10s. a year, as well as free food, housing, bed, blankets, recreation, would sound more attractive than 14s. a day.

To revert to the teaching of a trade to soldiers and thus fitting them for jobs in civilian life when they leave the Army, it may be pointed out that thirty-five different trades are taught at the three Army Vocational Training Centres at Aldershot, Hounslow, and Chisledon. Each course lasts six months and includes draughtsmanship, oxy-acetylene welding, motor mechanism, dairy and poultry farming, cabinet making, and french polishing. Conditions at these training centres resemble those in

(Continued on page 552)



FROM MUFTI TO SCARLET: A picture illustrating the various phases of efficiency through which a soldier may pass during the first three years or so of his life in the army

THE FIRST LEVÉE OF THE REIGN

Notabilities at Buckingham Palace Last Week

THE COMPANY ARRIVES: Cars driving up to one of the Palace entrances before last week's levée, the first to be held during the reign. The ceremony, which Court mourning robbed of much of its pageantry, was transferred from St. James's Palace as it would otherwise have clashed with a League meeting

THE PRIME MINISTER IN NAVAL RIG: Mr. Stanley Baldwin was a striking but perhaps not altogether familiar figure in the uniform of an Elder Brother of Trinity House, an office which he has held for the past nine years

LEAVING THE PALACE: Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett and Sir Patrick Duff, Secretary of H.M. Office of Works and Public Buildings. The latter was formerly private secretary both to Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald

ARMY REPRESENTATIVES: Lieutenant Hugh Montgomerie (Royal Scots Greys), Lieutenant Wyndham Halswell (Royal Scots Greys), and Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Renton, M.C. (Royal Tank Corps) who were among the many officers presented to His Majesty

FROM DOWN UNDER: Lieut.-Colonel K. Smart, of the Australian Staff Corps, and Lieut.-Colonel G. Leary, Australian Army Medical Corps, who were presented by the Secretary of State for War

THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, K.G.: The veteran politician on his way to the Palace. He was formerly Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and Lord Privy Seal

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ERNEST SWINTON, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., Col. Comdt., Royal Tank Corps since 1934 and Chichele Professor of Military History at Oxford, arriving with members of the Royal Tank Corps whom he presented. He served with distinction both in the South African War and the Great War

CABINET COLLEAGUES: Lord Eustace Percy (Minister without Portfolio) arriving with Mr. Malcolm MacDonald (Secretary of State for the Dominions) who regained his seat in the Commons at the recent Ross by-election

A.D.C. TO THE GOVERNOR OF CEYLON: Lieut. L. Ralph Lermitte, an officer of the Ceylon Planters Rifle Corps, who was presented by the Secretary of State for the Dominions, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald

FIGHTING MACHINES OF THE RICHTHOFEN SQUADRON: High-speed units of Germany's ultra-efficient air force, drawn up before taking off on a practice flight

HIDE AND SEEK IN THE AIR

As Britain, Germany, Italy, France, and Russia Expand their Aerial Navies, each Closely Guards the Secrets that the others have Ample Cause to Fear

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ONE of the least easily disposed of *canards* of the inner B.E.F. revolved round the circumstantial story that a latest type German fighter-monoplane had been traitorously flown into our hands in the First Army area. It was even bruited that all the bad and wicked (N.C.O.) pilot received was £50. Alas! For at the precise moment of the yarn, March 1916, that particular model must have been worth £50,000, £500,000, £5,000,000 to us in that it was to give the enemy the ascendancy through tragic subsequent months.

Heaven—apt enough image—alone knows into what dimensions Air Intelligence has swollen twenty years after. Yet one aspect is so obvious and of the immediate times that without indiscretion it can, up to a point, be examined: the crucial secrecy in all realms after which the building and competing air Powers are striving. That is what brought the legendary "Fokker of Merville" out of its hangar. Are "Merville Fokkers" *really* occurring to-day? More than one Continental air force is reported to have unaccountably mislaid a hub model or "prototype," one of those machines after which scientific and technical staffs strain and strain for months at great cost in order to go just that little bit further than the previous best.

As an instance of what spy-pilots could hand over, the Germans are known to be supremely concerned to improve their high-revving motors and their propellers of variable pitch. What the Luftkriegsakademie would give for a special delivery of the latest blue prints, say, from Rolls-Royce! Conversely, Göring's hardened and tempered youngsters are *hors concours* with heavy oil (Junker) models, while their blind or automatic navigating, so admirable an adjunct to wholesale blowing up of cities, knows no peer. How others would like to gain knowledge here. Not a scrap of doubt but that there's more room than ever for air traitors of the Merville legendary description. Possible, even, that this morally disturbed Europe is capable of throwing them up although it should be borne in mind that pilots given charge of "prototype" machines are invariably trusted experts. Howbeit, our own latest models are being strictly guarded, while there are signs that we intend exacting the heaviest penalties for espionage. In this matter of self-protection by severity of treatment we can never aspire to the results achieved by a Führer who beheads chillily at dawn—for France, a marked falling-off of secret service efficacy within the Reich has resulted—but we must do our soft and civilised best.

Five great, pivotal air forces are hurriedly taking shape, being expanded and perfected; the smaller States, Poles, Czechs, Belgians and so forth mostly acquire their material from the big five. It follows that each of these is intensely interested in what the other is doing—although soon, perhaps already, we may be exchanging information with the French, which would mean also with the Soviet.

One televises General Göring in his *kolossal* Air Ministry dominating Berlin, the mantle of von Richthofen on his shoulders, surely as honoured a cloak as Public Clothes Horse No. 1 shall ever know? We think that hereabouts he has some 800 first-line craft. We think. Mr. Baldwin also thought last May, and it led to rather a breath-removing confession, albeit the miscalculation was not in the vaguest way the Premier's own. Yet it must needs make us chary for some time to come about accepting assessments of foreign air power, the fact, of course, being that Air Intelligence has its work cut out, and how! trying to keep up with foreign building of a hush-hush nature unknown with alien Navy or Army.

Turning to Rome, one finds a second . . . . *madonna*, I had almost written "airmaniac" . . . a second airman-dictator at the head of an evidently superb air fleet many of whose pilots, one is adequately convinced, are only asking to be let loose on suicide flights (twentieth century hara-kiri, rare strength of the dictators) terminating in the side of the *Rodney* or on Woolwich Arsenal. General Valle says that for every one machine in East Africa he retains ten in Italy. And there's talk of 300 and 330 m.p.h. "The S-81 machines just sent out are tri-motored bombers with a speed of 220 m.p.h. over a range of 1,200 miles loaded with three tons." Further, 1,500 new pilots have been trained in a twelvemonth, and just ten times as many mechanics, W/T operators, m-g. gunners, photographers.

CREATOR OF GERMANY'S NEW AIR FORCE: General Göring, Air Minister and Prussian Premier, pictured with General von Blomberg, the Minister for Defence

What is one to make of sweeping claims like these? It may be a more important matter than appears on the surface. They may be bluff, and they mayn't. When Hitler, following Press tales here of 20,000 German 'planes soon, told Sir John Simon last summer that the German Air Force equalled ours, may not the idea have been to provoke us into a precipitate building programme that would leave our models outdated subsequently when the real German building got under way—last to get off the mark and thereby greatly advantaged? Anyway, that is precisely what happened with the French who two years ago rushed themselves into a helter-skelter anti-German building programme and are now rueing the day. That is what lies behind the announcement of a further immediate expenditure of £33,000,000 on France's Air Force, fresh avalanche little short of double the sum earmarked for the home defence expansion.

Upon General Denain getting the breeze up—part of the lack of *mésure* derived from a powerful Paris coterie of interested parties putting panic in the air by means of easiest Press persuasion—France proceeded to spend just over £100,000,000 on a vast, expedited aerial programme a large part of which has now got to be renewed although consignments of contracted-for machines, already out-of-date, will be delivered throughout this year because it was a Three-Year Plan. A fighter type is being turned out *en série* though it only reaches 170 m.p.h.

There is considerable Nazi nervousness regarding what we may or may not have arranged in the way of pushing Air Force bases forward into Northern France, Belgium, and even Holland. Again, in view of the reputation for quality our craft have long enjoyed, our counter-espionage will be kept well on the alert for a long time to come. For quality is all—it can cleave through quantity. Lord Trenchard has said: "Aerial forces of superior performance pierce the sky as a knife does butter."

Foreign secret services must be on tip-toe to glean information of our complicated plan for expanding plant and increasing craftsmen, and concerning exactly what is implied by maintaining "full war reserves" into 1938. They will want to know all about our new aerodromes and their layout, even as did Dr. Gorst in his evident selection of young, unsuspecting aircraftsmen as the most likely talkers. Dr. Gorst's was the rather distressing case of a war *dérapé* being told to prove himself. "All right, go and show us what you can do first before we engage you."

Foreign ears and eyes are surely alert to check our anti-aircraft explorations of a kind such as recently led Sir Roger Keyes to tell us of Oxford professors busy devising methods of defence other than gunfire. "The destruction of towns by gas from the air will not be so shattering and devastating as some people think," comforted the now most illustrious naval survivor of the war. "I know something of what they (the professors) are doing. It is all secret at the moment."

And what measures of ground camouflage may we be contemplating? Are we at all likely to imitate the Duce's duplicate Milan-by-night, a lighted "city" of houseless streets and squares supposed to be ready some miles distant from the real Milan?

GÖRING'S "KOLOSSAL" AIR MINISTRY: The vast new building dominating the Leipzigerstrasse, Berlin, which reflects the present-day importance of the German Air Force. The place is rigidly guarded

Such questions, and many akin, Germans are seeking to answer in relation to ourselves, and vice versa, and so are Italians *vis-à-vis* the French, and the Soviet *vis-à-vis* Germany, and so on all the way round the five-fold clock. What is France going to do better now, with her new programme? And where stands Göring? Great underground air storage bases are surprisingly discovered in the Saar, and I heard of two others on the way to completion in the northern Rhineland. When this disputed barrier-land was remilitarised, we witnessed military aerodromes flowering forth mushroom-like as the entering forces moved westward.

A major worry of secret agents investigating in Germany may well be to discover what they can about the clear German inclination towards machines of the heaviest carrying type. One does not mean the big commercial machines which are known to be convertible into bombers while you wait. As it happens, these are handicapped for war by considerable anti-aerodynamic tendencies. Another supreme matter is to disentangle what represents training and transition in Germany from what is intended to be definite striking force. Are the Germans still mainly making cadres of instruction, and have they yet laid down models other than emergency "prototypes"? Have their pursuit 'planes yet been fitted with better variable propellors, and are they now all getting pull-in skids? That the flying personnel is top-notch foreign observers are painfully aware, particularly that automatic flying-in-all-weathers touch of brilliance.

There is probably no more closely guarded building extant than Göring's new Luftkriegsakademie. Air-war Academy! What a charming interlude we have been cast for!

The point about Germany is that in the air during 1914–18 she held her own against the lot of us, though far behind France in aviation prior to the conflict. She did this thanks to her unmatched organisation. Since 1918 she has perforce concentrated on commercial flying and upon scientific advance. What surprises?

THE FAIREY "BATTLE"—BRITAIN'S FASTEST BOMBER

A Machine that Can Travel from London to the South Coast in About Ten Minutes

A SILVER STREAK: An impression of the new Royal Air Force low-wing monoplane, the Fairey "Battle," the very last word in high-speed fighting machines, which recently underwent a successful series of tests at Heath Row Aerodrome, near Harmondsworth, Middlesex. The pilot is seen here with the cockpit open, but can totally enclose himself if necessary

SPEEDING ABOVE THE CLOUDS: Another impression of the new bomber showing the undercarriage drawn up into the wings and, in this instance, the pilot's cockpit totally enclosed. The 'plane, which has no exterior struts, is remarkable for its many innovations, and its manœuvrability has to be seen to be believed

CLOSE UP: Looking along the fuselage of the Fairey "Battle," part of the tail of which is fabric and part metal. Although details of its speed must not be divulged, the Air Ministry has allowed it to be known that in slightly more than ten minutes after leaving Heath Row, near London, it could be over the South Coast, a distance considerably in excess of fifty miles. This indicates that the 'plane is capable of over 300 m.p.h. *On left*—Flight Lieutenant C. S. Staniland, the well-known pilot who flew the machine on its first test, pictured with Mr. C. R. Fairey (*centre*), managing director of the aviation company bearing his name, and Colonel M. O. Darby of the Rolls-Royce organisation

SITE OF THE MONSTER BLOCK OF OFFICES: This drawing, specially made for "The Sphere" by Harold Nelson, shows the stretch of Whitehall on which the Government is planning to erect a £1,750,000 building, one of the largest in ground area in the world, providing accommodation for 5,366 civil servants and at least four departments. The scheme, which was first adumbrated in the autumn of 1933, initially aroused considerable opposition, but since then it has been modified and is now, in some ways, more acceptable. On the extreme is the Royal United Service served, as also will be Gwydyr Gardens (*in centre*) and

THE OLD WATERGATE AT PEMBROKE HOUSE (No. 7) WHITE HALL GARDENS: A picturesque feature of the east front of the building with Doric columns decorated with heavy rustications and supporting a plain frieze with a moulded pediment. *On right*—One of the beautiful rooms on the first floor of Pembroke House at present used by the Ministry of Transport. At the far end is a deep alcove, with decorative doors to the flanks, the whole suggesting a small stage for private theatricals. The ceiling is designed on the lines of a spider's web with an entwining vine, while it is encircled by a large rope of flowers

Lovers of old London have witnessed regretfully a host of changes of recent years that they could justly inveigh against—changes that have inevitably brought with them a very real sense of personal loss. Waterloo Bridge is gone irrevocably, and things are happening or foreshadowed at the Adelphi and in other parts of London that cannot be regarded without misgiving. Now it is Whitehall's turn, and by 1946, if the Government puts its plans into operation, part of that stately thoroughfare will have undergone an extraordinary metamorphosis, being dominated by an immense structure which will occupy the site of such pleasing buildings as Montagu House and Pembroke House and will also rob Richmond Terrace of much of its pristine charm. Thanks, however to the public outcry that was raised in the Press (and in which THE SPHERE took part) when the scheme for this vast block of offices was first put forward, the original plans appear to have been somewhat modified, and it will be seen from the architectural drawing reproduced here at the foot of the right hand page, that the new edifice will have a certain dignity, although at the same time it may be argued that its very immensity may be inclined to rob its neighbours of the self-same quality.

In addition London's skyline, both seen from the river and across St. James's Park, will also be drastically changed, but on the whole it must be said that every effort has been made not to allow purely utilitarian to outweigh æsthetic considerations to too great an extent, and to this end all questions of alignment, frontages, and roadway alterations have been discussed at length with the Royal Fine Art Commission, the London County Council, the Westminster City Council, and the Ministry of Transport.

Many of the buildings at present standing on the northern end of the site contain features of considerable architectural and archæological interest. Notable among these is the vaulted undercroft to Cromwell House on the Horse-Guards Avenue front. This was

HOW WHITEHALL WILL LOOK A tect's impression of the vast to put up near the Cenotaph and gular space bounded on the other Avenue, Richmond Terrace, and

WHITEHALL'S MONSTER BUILDING

A Block of Government Offices which will House at Least Four Ministries, but the Erection of which will Mean the Disappearance of Much that is Picturesque and Historic

left foreground of this sketch
institution which is to be pre-
House nearby but Whitehall
Montagu House are coming down

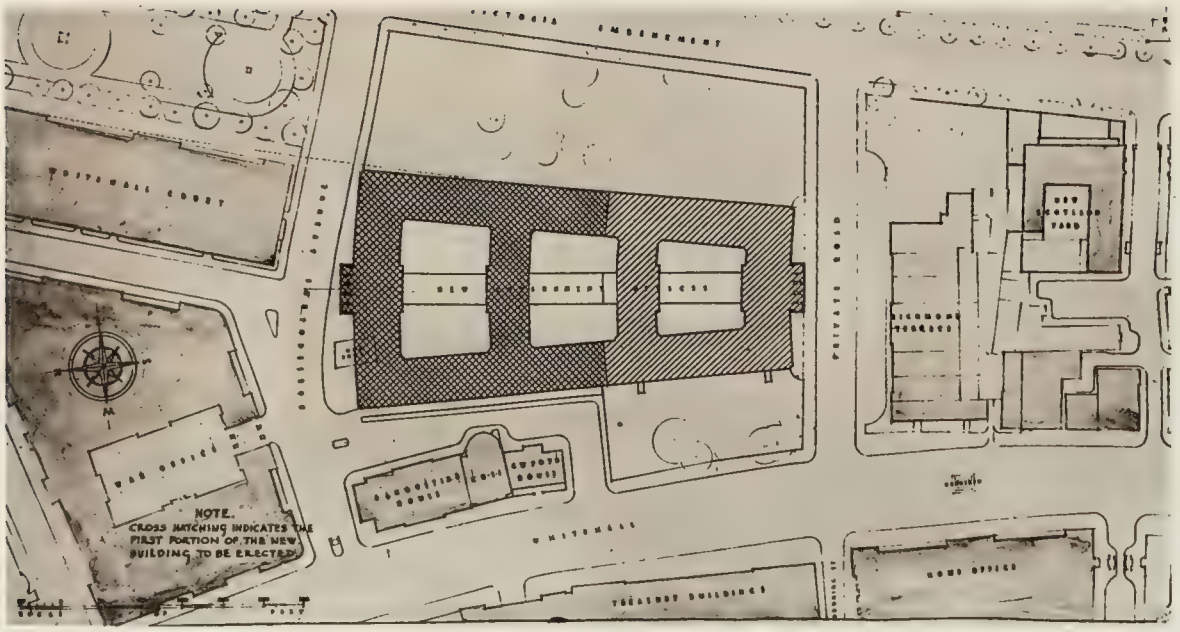
built by Cardinal Wolsey, and formed part of the Town house of the Archbishops of York, later incorporated in the Palace of Whitehall. The undercroft was in use in 1670 as the royal wine cellar. The new building has been so designed as in no way to disturb the undercroft, which

(Continued on page 540)

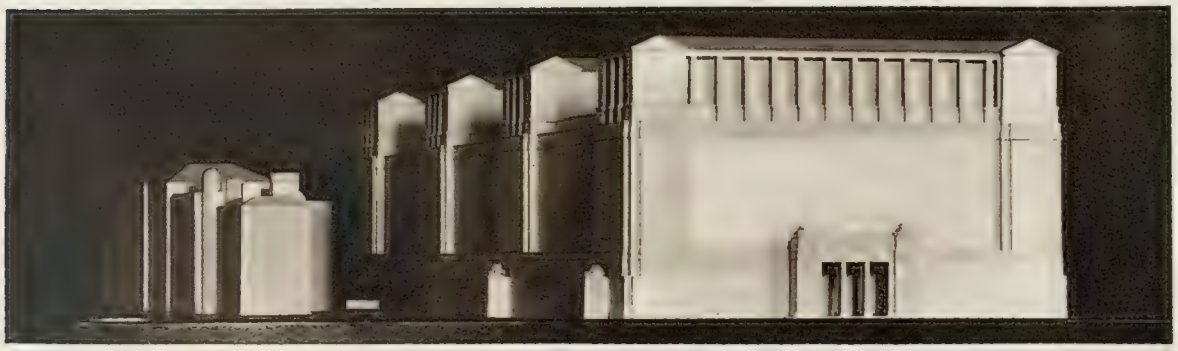
DOOMED: Drawings by Harold Nelson of two parts of old Whitehall that will soon be no more as they stand on the site of the proposed new building. *Above*—A picturesque courtyard off Horse Guards Avenue, and (*on right*) the entrance to Pembroke House, built by the 10th Earl of Pembroke in the eighteenth century

MONTAGU HOUSE: The palatial residence in the French Renaissance style which stands on the extreme right of the area that is scheduled for rebuilding. It was erected by the 5th Duke of Buccleuch, Captain-General of the Royal Bodyguard of Archers

DECADE HENCE: An architect's impression of the new edifice that it is proposed to erect on the site which will occupy the rectangle bounded on three sides by Horse Guards Avenue, Whitehall and the Victoria Embankment. The main frontage will be about 550 ft. in length, while in breadth it will taper from 300 ft. at its greatest to 205 ft. at its least. The maximum height of 128 ft. compares with other buildings in the neighbourhood as follows:—New Scotland Yard, 108 ft.; Whitehall Court, 114 ft.; Banqueting House, 76 ft.; and Home Office, 89 ft. The architect, Mr. E. Vincent Harris, hopes by setting the block well back from the road that he will successfully prevent the Inigo Jones Banqueting House and Gwydyr House (both seen towards left of picture) from becoming unduly dwarfed. The former has the distinction of being the first edifice in this country to be built on purely Palladian lines



THE SITE: A sketch-plan of the Whitehall area showing (shaded portion) the quadrilateral space the building will occupy between Whitehall, Horse Guards Avenue, Richmond Terrace, and the Victoria Embankment. The whole block, according to present plans, will be completed by 1946, and the first section to house the Air Ministry should be finished in 1940 or 1941



THE ARCHITECT'S MODEL, showing the Whitehall and Richmond Terrace frontages of the new building, which will be 550 ft. long, and will vary from 300 ft. to 205 ft. in width. Gwydyr House (now used by the Air Ministry) and the Inigo Jones Banqueting House on the left would in actuality be much more in front of the new block than is optically suggested here

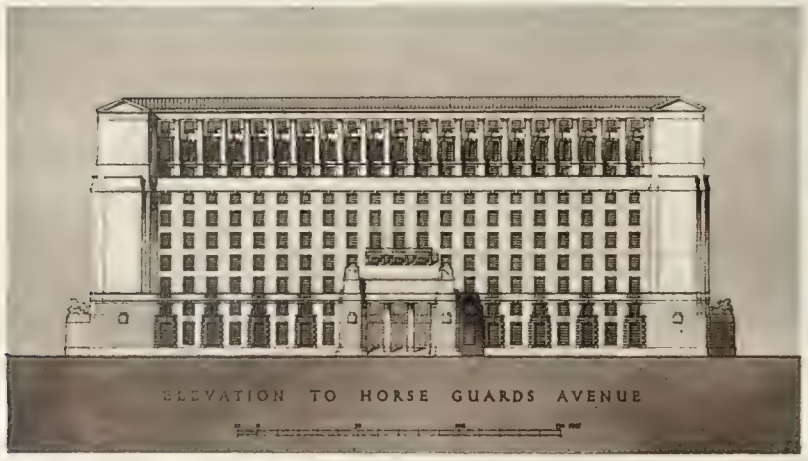
Whitehall's Monster Building

The Architect's Drawings and Models for the Proposed New Block of Offices

(Continued from page 539)

will be carefully preserved and repaired. Pembroke House, which is occupied by the Ministry of Transport, was built soon after 1757 to the designs of Sir William Chambers, the architect of Somerset House. It contains a good deal of plaster work and panelling, and a staircase with a fine wrought-iron balustrade, also some good chimneypieces. These will be removed and preserved as far as possible in the new building. It is possible that, in the course of the work, interesting fragments of the Palace of Whitehall may come to light. A complete survey will be made of any such fragments, and the advice of the Chief Inspector of Ancient Monuments will be followed in dealing with them.

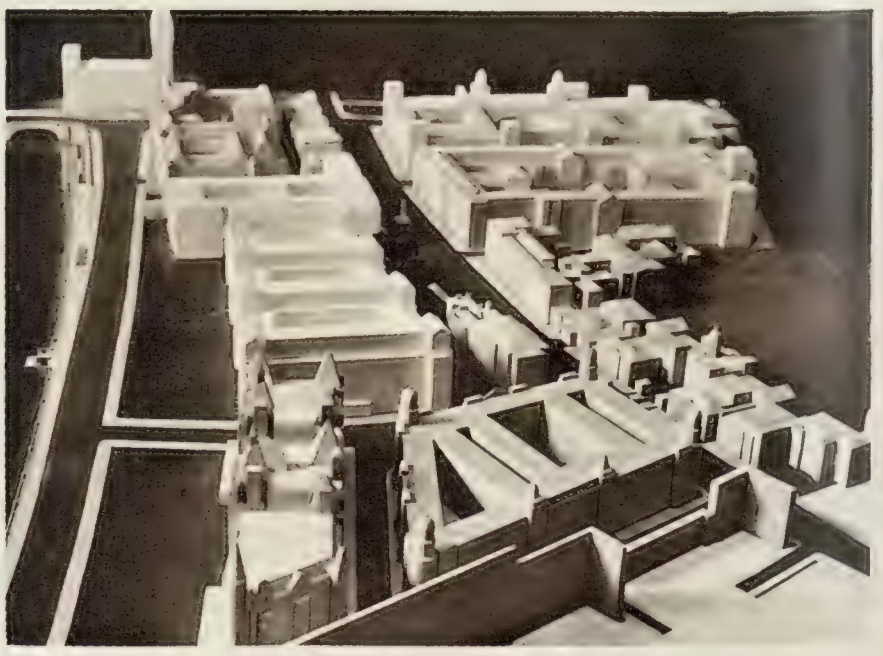
As regards the designing of the new building, it was decided that the limitations of the site made it necessary, if so large a body of civil servants was to be housed in proper conditions as regards light and air, that the plan should be adopted of a single block with three large internal courts. The building will contain eight main storeys above the basement, and the height to the main wall head will be about 87 ft. The two transverse blocks at the ends and the transverse blocks between the courts will be carried up a further three storeys.



HORSE GUARDS AVENUE ELEVATION: A drawing showing the main entrance—at the end where the building will be at its greatest width, 300 ft. The block will contain eight main storeys above the basement, but at the sides and at two equidistant points in the centre it is carried up for another three storeys

"THE SPHERE'S" FORECAST: This drawing, published in this journal two years ago, has turned out to be remarkably accurate, when compared with the official plan which has just been issued and is reproduced on the left. The modifications made since the scheme was launched have been all to the good

VICTORIA EMBANKMENT ELEVATION: The main feature of this frontage is the four towers, created by extending the height of the four transverse blocks. Over 200 windows all alike produce a rather stereotyped effect



WHITEHALL JIG-SAW: Models of the existing buildings and (left centre) of the new block with its three wells. Beyond is a model of the offices which may possibly be erected on what is now Richmond Terrace and which will have two wells. *On left*—Whitehall Gardens to-day, and the line of trees that tones down the official severity of the area

Molly, Molly, bright and jolly,
How does the party go?
Lobster shells and oyster shells
And Guinness all in a row

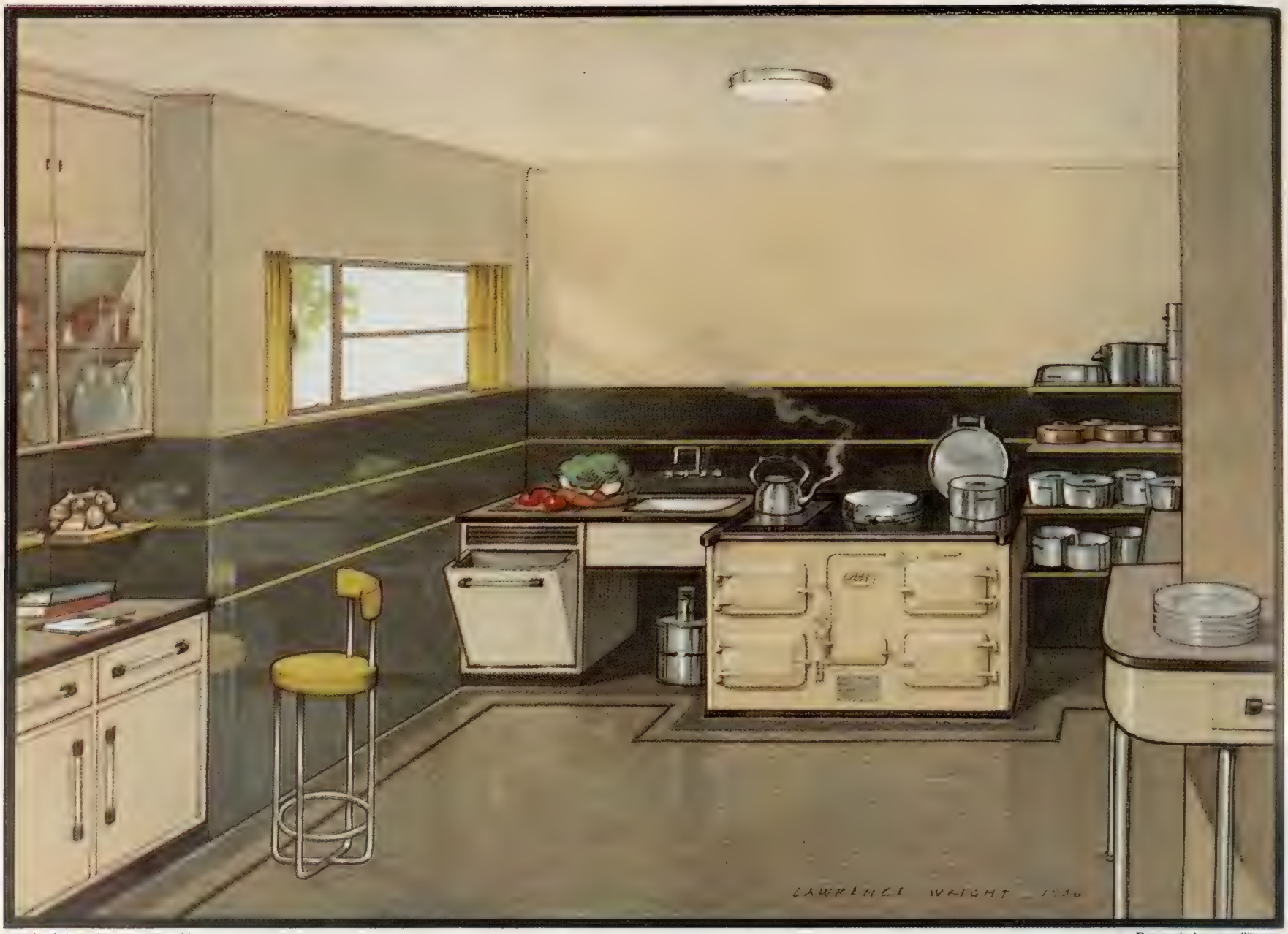
GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.570.A
d

PROCLAIMING KING EDWARD VIII

Clarenceux King of Arms Announces the Accession from the Steps of the Royal Exchange—
A first impression in colour specially painted for "The Sphere" by A. E. Cooper, R.B.A.

In this painting Mr. A. E. Cooper conjures up one of the most dramatic moments in that dramatic week that witnessed the passing of our beloved King George and the accession of King Edward, and it is one of the first records in colour of the historic ceremonial that inaugurated the new reign on January 22. Altogether four proclamations of the accession were made in London; the first by Garter King of Arms (Sir Gerald Wollaston) from the balcony of Friary Court, St. James's Palace, where the Officers of Arms, habited in their gorgeous tabards, assembled at ten o'clock in the morning; the second by Lancaster Herald (Mr. A. G. B. Russell) at Charing Cross; the third at Temple Bar, the "gates of the City," by Norroy King of Arms (Mr. A. H. S. Howard); and the fourth, as depicted here, at the Royal Exchange by Clarenceux King of Arms (Mr. A. W. S. Cochrane) who was accompanied by the picturesquely clad City beadles as he read from the parchment scroll at the top of the steps

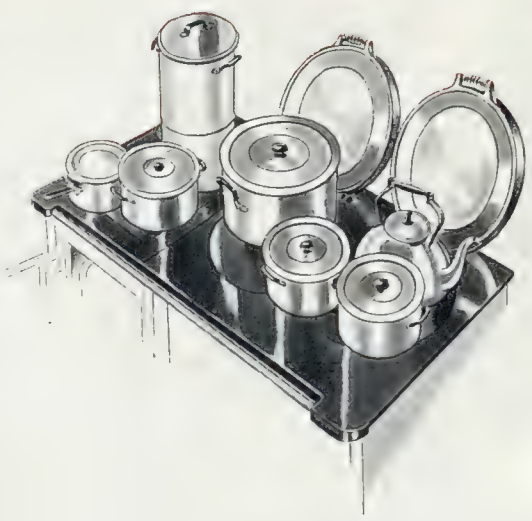


Kitchen design by Mrs. Darcy Braddell.

Drawing by Lawrence Wright.

The Aga Cooker - the heart of a planned kitchen

This contemporary kitchen has been designed for efficiency and comfort around an entirely new model—the new 1936 'Powered' Aga '82.' This is but one of a great series of new Aga Cookers. It incorporates many new features. With four large ovens —one a special baking oven for bread and cakes—each of which is maintained automatically at an exact and even temperature according to the specific cooking for which it is intended. This Aga provides a greater cooking capacity than any other domestic cooker of any kind. It is always ready for use. It improves cooking. It is more efficient than any other cooker of its kind in the world. And its maximum fuel cost is less than 25/- a quarter (coke), guaranteed. There are Aga models from £35 (ex works) to suit any size or type of household.



This sizeable top has, in addition to a boiling plate and simmering plate, a large hot plate (20" × 15") of polished aluminium. Maintained automatically at a constant temperature, it greatly increases the effective cooking and heating area.

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CATCH as CATCH CAN

The Trout Fishermen of Corsica and their Primitive Methods

THE QUICKNESS OF THE HAND: The Corsican maquis abounds with streams inhabited by the most delectable trout and at waterfalls, where the fish leap, a fisherman will stand in wait for them with a stick, securing them by hitting them a sharp blow over the head. Sometimes he misses, but not often, and in a few hours his catch usually reaches considerable proportions

THE CATCH: A Corsican mountain fisherman displaying some of the trout he has secured by striking them on the head with a stick

WATCHING AND WAITING: With his eyes glued to the water, this youth looks out for the approach of a fish and, in a split second, is ready to bring a hand down and grab it as it passes. The method may be primitive, but it certainly achieves results and, which is more, it dispenses with the need for tackle

Below—ANOTHER METHOD: Where the stream runs less swiftly the fisherman stands in the crystal clear, icy cold water and grabs the trout with his hands. Here possibly even more remarkable dexterity is necessary

Corsica, island of rushing streams and torrents, has even to-day little in common with France, of which it forms a department, and in many cases its peasantry would appear to have deliberately shunned the influences of the mainland, seeing no doubt, in the way of life of the past much that could not be bettered. Not a few, however, will be surprised to learn of the interesting mode of fishing still obtaining there, and the accompanying pictures illustrate vividly how the people of the maquis secure the trout that are to be found in such quantities in their waters. Their dexterity in this direction is truly extraordinary, and in some ways it resembles the "trout tickling" so dear to the hearts of Scottish youth

THE LAST PHASE: Countess Montholon (the Emperor's companion in exile, played by Lydia Sherwood) signing the document forced upon them by the British Government, while Napoleon (Keneth Kent) and members of his staff look on. A dramatic episode from *St. Helena*, the play by R. C. Sherriff and Jeanne de Casalis which has been seen by some 35,000 people at the Old Vic and is now playing to packed audiences at Daly's

CURRENT DRAMA

Mr. Churchill's "Crime" Sends London Flocking to "St. Helena": Fine Acting Saves "Wisdom Teeth" at the Savoy: Filleted Revue at the Alhambra

By PHILIP PAGE

I REMEMBER the days when Mr. Winston Churchill's connection with the stage was mainly, if not entirely, confined to the prominence forced on him by certain comedians who at pantomime time used the shape of the then youthful statesman's hats as material for jests of the feebler type.

He has now visited *St. Helena*, the play by Mr. R. C. Sherriff and Miss Jeanne de Casalis, has seen that it is good, and has written to *The Times* to say so. To my surprise I have found within the last week that several quite intelligent people (a fellow M.P. who is also a dramatist, is one of them) are very angry with Mr. Churchill for having done this. The main arguments appear to be (a) that eminent politicians should have something better to do, particularly during a serious international crisis, than act as amateur dramatic critics; (b) that our theatre must have come to a pretty pass to have to rely upon publicity of this type; and (c) M.P.s should get on with their own job, which is not that of dragooning the public into seeing the plays they happen to like themselves. There were, I think, other points, all equally footling.

THE HOPE OF THE FAMILY: Napoleon (Keneth Kent) gazes in admiration on the bust of his son, the King of Rome, sent to him in exile. Another episode from *St. Helena* at Daly's, which is reviewed on this page by our dramatic critic

The result of Mr. Churchill's "crime" is that *St. Helena*, instead of playing to small audiences in a large theatre is now playing to large audiences in a small one, though it is true that during the last part of its sojourn at the Old Vic the houses were excellent. Now that it is at Daly's, where it is likely to remain a long time, they will no doubt be better still.

For this is a good play, so good that it would probably have succeeded without Mr. Churchill's rescue work. For having undertaken that work he does not need me or anyone else to defend him. Since he is not (unfortunately, as most people consider) employed on a job in the Cabinet, there is no earthly reason why Mr. Churchill should not go to the theatre and, having seen a play to his taste, proclaim it. I can imagine much more mischievous occupations for middle-aged statesmen with keen minds and time on their hands than boosting a good play.

I would advise a glance through the late Lord Rosebery's *The Last Phase* before a visit to Daly's, which has not had Napoleon on its stage since the revival there a few years ago of *The Duchess of Dantzic*. But that is not essential. The authors have stuck religiously to facts, which have been sorted out, or have sorted themselves out, dramatically enough.

There is no romance of the conventional type. There is no love interest which it has been found necessary to drag into nearly every Napoleonic play from *A Royal Divorce* upwards. Josephine—I think I am right in saying—is not even mentioned; one scene is, however, devoted to the prospective purchase of a real cow.

The great man is great no longer. The most veritable ignoramus of history would have seen the pathos of that early optimism, of Napoleon's hints that it would be absurd to spend too much trouble or money on Longwood, "for we shall soon be back in Paris." The tragedy is patent here; not wholly that Napoleon had fallen, but that he had declined before he had fallen. Fat and gouty Louis XVIII—but wily and vastly underestimated—was to die in his royal bed some years hence as King of France, without the least apprehension of another Hundred Days. It was not the long stretch of sea that had given the Bourbons another innings, and a considerable one. The fault lay in Napoleon himself. The clock had run down.

None the less, the drama of *St. Helena* lies in the fact that Napoleon was still an incomparably greater man than all those around him on the island. The contrast is sometimes used, with discretion, for the touches of genuine humour the play contains, though it is never forced. There is certainly greatness in his dignified forbearance with the grievances of the touchy, self-pitying, wholly loyal, and wholly irritating Gourgeaud. A first-rate comedy scene (for all the pathos of its background) is provided by the arrival of the two priests, one a nitwit and the other a senile paralytic, with a giggling, incompetent of a doctor, as fresh "companions" for the Emperor.

Sir Hudson Lowe, whom Mr. Trouncer rightly just stops short of caricaturing, is an impossible guardian for an impossible captive, as history tells us. Mr. Tristan Rawson's Bertrand and Mr. Leo Genn's Montholon seemed to me to be perfect. Numerous small parts were played with equal perfection: and even the group of children (toy drums and trumpets) managed not to annoy.

Mr. Keneth Kent, as the Emperor, has the advantage of the Napoleonic figure, shape of face, and so forth. But much more than that is, of course, required, and Mr. Kent supplies it in full and admirable measure. The part is a glorious one for any accomplished actor to get his teeth into. Here is something a good deal beyond mere accomplishment. We not only saw Napoleon's body growing older, but his mind growing more tired. A kindly, pleasant,

IN CHARITY'S CAUSE: Countess Poulett (better known as Oriel Ross) consulting with Mrs. Partridge and Mrs. Burt, who will appear as Fra Angelica Angels, at a rehearsal for the Cavalcade of Art Matinée which is to take place at the Cambridge Theatre on March 31 in order to raise funds for the Young Women's Christian Association

patient Napoleon on the whole; more human than fiercely imperial. Yet impatient at times, and during those bursts of impatience I caught curious echoes—in that testy "Yes, yes," or "Come on, come on"—of the voice of Henry Irving. And I do not think Mr. Kent can ever have seen Irving.

Undoubtedly a fine play. If I were writing headlines of the baser sort I would suggest, "Winston Spots a Winner."

"Wisdom Teeth."

—The only point I can see in the title, *Wisdom Teeth*, Miss Noel Streatfeild's play which has come from the Embassy to the Savoy, is that when some children grow up they are wise enough to distinguish between a real mother, who is no great shakes as a mother or in any other capacity, and a stepmother who is a tactful one and a decent sort of a woman altogether; and to prefer the latter.

SHAKESPEARE AT THE OLD VIC: Ann Casson and Geoffrey Keens in *Winter's Tale*

CROOK DRAMA: *Left*—Ever popular Spencer Tracy as the plain clothes cop, and pretty and talented Myrna Loy as the jewel thief, in *Whipsaw*, a film which has been proving a great attraction at the Empire. *Right*—Eddie Cantor as mirth-making as ever in *Strike Me Pink* which recently came to the London Pavilion

SCREEN VERSION OF A STAGE TRIUMPH: The Totem Pole number in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture *Rose Marie* which was scheduled to begin its London run at the Empire Cinema, Leicester Square, this week

The first scene of the first act of this play seemed as long and as tedious and as artificial (except for the healthy sanity of Mr. Ronald Adam as a wronged husband, Mr. Adam was excellent throughout) as any scene I have ever endured. I have never been the embarrassed spectator of a domestic episode consisting of a wife telling her husband that she must leave him for her lover (who stands patting her shoulder in a "brave little woman" attitude); that he is a cad for not allowing *her* to divorce *him*, and a still greater cad for wanting to keep the children. But I will warrant that no one in such circumstances has talked as Miss Streatfeild made them talk here. It was bad luck on Miss Beatrix Thomson that the wife had to be such an egregiously melodramatic little baggage, and had, perforce, to talk in a series of treacly sobs. Later on the play improved and so did Miss Thomson, who became less treacly. For fifteen years were supposed to have elapsed, and treacle becomes wearisome in a tiny fraction of that period.

The children, who have not seen their mother in the interval, think they would like to see her. The step-mother is more than willing. Their father, having shed all affection for their mother together with a good deal of his hair, just doesn't care a d——n one way or another. The meeting—it is hardly a reconciliation—is not a success. And that, in effect, is the play.

Wisdom Teeth has plenty of good material, but if the acting were even mediocre it would be almost intolerable. Fortunately, the general level is excellent, and the youngsters, including a girl who gives a realistic sketch of the morning-after-the-night-before, a hobbledehoy who has been ploughed in an important exam, and a 1936 daughter who attends the family breakfast-table in pyjamas, are all human and, strangely enough, pleasant.

Some humour is supplied by a faithful old servant with a sharp tongue but a heart of gold. I would suggest, however, that this character, which now-a-days crops up in nine comedies out of ten, be given a long, long rest. She is as ubiquitous in the London theatres as was the stage Irishman—breeches, shillelagh, and clay pipe in cap—when our grandfathers went to the play.

"The Show that Jack Built."

—Mr. Noel Coward at the Phœnix Theatre is showing us a few masterpieces in miniature which I would describe as "filleted plays." That is to say, most of them are really full-length plays with all the inedible or unnecessary matter removed before serving, with the welcome result that there is as much real food in their one act as the average author solemnly spreads over three.

The Show that Jack Built, produced last week at the Alhambra, is a filleted revue. There the resemblance to Mr. Coward ceases, for there is not to be found in it his type of wit. Yet there is the same sensible economy of means; all the rather portentous and unnecessary nonsense which hampers so many a West End revue has been cut away. This has been done either because, the revue being played twice-nightly, there is no room for it, or because the author, producers, etc. have had the gumption to see at the outset that such stuff is a waste of time and effort. So we come down to the bare essentials of entertainment (in some personal instances, very bare) and what is there is uncommonly good.

What is even more important, there is fun in plenty. So often is one asked, "Where are the new comedians?" and so often does one have to reply with the shrug of ignorance, that I am delighted to be able to answer, "At the Alhambra, and their names are Mr. Jimmy James and Mr. Frank Randle." At any rate, these names are new to me. I will atone for not having heard of them before by declaring that they are funny folk after my own heart, that they know all there is to know about their business, and a bit more.

Louis Nethersole.

—Louis Nethersole, who looked like a university don, and was, in fact, a press agent, will be sadly missed in the London theatre, where he had been a prominent figure for forty years and more. He loved the stage, had a wide knowledge and experience of it, and he would, I think, have taken an important position as an impresario had it not been for persistent ill-health. In his latter years, particularly, he suffered from poor eyesight. But he never allowed this to dim his enthusiasm, and his tact made him quite invaluable in his work as what he delighted to call "a liaison officer." It will seem strange not to see Louis Nethersole at *premières* nor to hear his sound judgment on men and things.

OLGA NETHERSOLE IN HER HEYDAY: Two studies of the noted tragedienne (*left*) as Carmen and (*right*) as Marianne in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. She is now living in retirement, but her many brilliant performances in the closing years of the last century and in Edwardian days are called to mind by the death of her brother, Louis Nethersole, a well-beloved figure in theatrical circles in England, America and Australia. Mr. Nethersole did not himself appear on the stage, his activities being concerned with the management side, and in 1890 he was business manager for his sister in an Australian tour and four years later acted in the same capacity in the United States. Since the war his main interest was in publicity work for many shows and pageants, including Bertram Mills' Christmas Circus and the Horse Show

VERITABLE BOMB MAGNETS: The towering chimneys of the giant Fulham and Lots Road power stations—two vast buildings that stand out so prominently on the banks of the Thames that they would be in grave danger of destruction in time of war—a fact that is arousing considerable concern among those responsible for the defence of London, who are now initiating a tremendous effort in order to safeguard the capital's vital supplies of electricity against air raids

The Air Threat to London

Steps Being Taken to Defend It Against Attack

It is curious to reflect that while the Air Raid Precautions Department of the Home Office is voicing the dangers of centralisation, which eases the task of enemy aircraft when attempting to bomb the nerve centres of London, the Government is (as is pointed out on pages 538–540 of this issue) pushing forward its plan for a vast new building to house at least four of the Ministries and a staff of over 5,000, all of whom could be placed in grave jeopardy by the dropping of a few bombs. This lack of consistency is truly extraordinary, and it demonstrates to the full how the necessities of peace all too often clash with the exigencies of war. None the less the Government is deserving of praise for the precautions that it is taking in other directions, and a few days ago it was announced in the *Morning Post* that "all London's utility companies — those responsible for the supply of water, gas, and electricity—are to co-operate with the Government in a scheme, the greatest of its kind ever undertaken in this country for safeguarding the Capital's vital supplies." This scheme will cost several million pounds and, as part of the defence programme, will be paid for in full by the Government.

The Metropolitan Water Board, five London gas companies, and about forty electricity undertakings, with the help of all local authorities concerned, have already received instructions to assist the Air Raid Precautions Department of the Home Office.

All available data are to be collated by these undertakings and submitted to the Government. From this information, a comprehensive scheme for the protection and maintenance of water, electricity, and gas supplies throughout the Metropolitan area will be prepared.

Moreover, plans will be perfected for plunging all London into darkness within a few minutes of warning from the coast of approaching aircraft.

The Government, it is understood, aim at a scheme which would place London in darkness within ten minutes

WORK OF THE HOME OFFICE'S AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS DEPARTMENT: *Left*—Commander Franks (in cap), one of the inspectors of the department, seen during a visit to Hendon Police Station where he recently witnessed tests with new alarm signals set up for use in warning the inhabitants of the district in the eventuality of an air gas attack. *Right*—Spectators interested in a gas-masked man who gives warning by means of a microphone and loud-speaker attached to his mask

VULNERABILITY OF THE GRID: It is only now being realised that in time of war the network of overhead cables and transformer stations would be a happy mark for enemy airmen who, in a brief bombing could do damage that would entail prolonged repair and which in the meanwhile would paralyse the vital industries of the country. The electricity companies, together with the gas and water companies, have therefore agreed to co-operate with the Government in minimising this and other dangers at a cost of millions of pounds. The high degree of centralisation of electrical undertakings clearly demonstrates how incompatible are peace plans and war plans

WAR WEAR: The latest asbestos suit and a gas mask equipped with its own oxygen supply. The first-named is intended as a safeguard against fire, but, such is the virulence of mustard gas, that it seems something of this kind will be necessary as a means of preventing blistering of the body

The WORLD of BOOKS

CHILDREN'S CLASSIC: The frontispiece and title page of the extremely rare first edition of the first English translation of *The Swiss Family Robinson* by Johann Wyss, which was published in 1814 by Mary Jane Godwin (Charles Lamb's publisher and Shelley's stepmother-in-law) at the Juvenile Library, Skinner Street. The book, which was offered for sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on Tuesday of this week, was originally known as *The Family Robinson Crusoe:* "or Journal of a Father Shipwrecked with his Wife and Children on an Uninhabited Isle"

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

OUTSIDE in the street, as I write this paragraph, a miserable specimen of middle-aged manhood wearily turns an organ upon which is proclaimed, in chalk, "29th Div. Gallipoli. Wife and three children to support." On this same day, twenty-one years ago, the 29th Division sailed from England to be flung into one of the most heroic and most disastrous campaigns in the history of British arms.

The organ grinds on, and I read the words of Mr. Winston Churchill, "the mistakes and ignorances of staffs and Cabinets have, in the end, to be retrieved by the virtues of the simple soldiers. . . ." For nearly a decade now the naval and military leaders, the official historians, and the politicians have been hurling tomes at each other to support the truth of those words.

Children, born and nurtured in peace, are now talking war. The greybeards shake their heads, and men in the forties and fifties lapse into long silences. The organ grinds on.

Mr. John North calls his **GALLIPOLI** (Faber and Faber. 15s.) "The Fading Vision." "Not long before I sailed a Gallipoli friend asked why in heaven's name I kept on returning to that scene of *senseless horror and sacrifice:* and these few words had stuck in my mind. Was it possible that they did indeed sum up the simple truth about a campaign which had hitherto attracted me because of the tragic immensity of its theme?" Mr. North does not think so, although he confesses to periodic moods of disillusion, when "it seemed that Gallipoli could not survive its own story," or when, on the lonely plain of Suvla, "even in the bright sun, it is dark with sinister suggestion. Scattered bones still whiten upon its desolate and abominable hills . . . one is glad to be gone."

The physical aspects of desolation and abomination remain for ever from which to be gone; the tragic tale of epic heroism, of terrible suffering, of a great feat of arms by soldiers who lost a campaign, live but the life of the written word. Those who still can speak them have but a short time to live.

Mr. North first went to the Peninsula as a tourist. He returned to discover a new and spiritual meaning in the ravines, the cliffs, and the beaches. His researches not only took him all over the ground, but through every history and every book on the subject upon which he could lay his hands. He writes, not as an expert, but as an enthusiast, diligently winnowing facts from theories, with certain well-defined prejudices as the facts compel comment in his narrative, and with the purpose of presenting to the general reader the story in its dreadful continuity of muddle, blunder, and disaster. Mr. North also saw service in France and, in his quest for spiritual meanings, can write at first hand of such things as the nobility of man.

The result is quite an extraordinary book. It is natural that reflection upon those in command, as distinct from the regimental officer and the simple soldier, should bring about a realisation "that many of the distinguished personages who will figure in these pages are hardly likely to adorn them;" but at the same time nothing could be more scrupulously fair than the author's attitude to the Commander-in-Chief. Bias there certainly is, but no bitterness, since the author can be mercifully detached and free from those so-called "loyalties" which befog judgments in other works on the subject. However much the author likes the phrase, he has in this book done much to focus the fading vision, perhaps to focus it intelligently for the first time, and it is not too much to hope that his picture will live.

In the shape of things to come, if we are to heed the prophecies of Mr. H. G. Wells, these things may be lost in a general cataclysm brought about by men who learn nothing from their sufferings. But someone has said that a good book never dies, and the school children of a more enlightened age may still read in this episode of a "great" war, something of the instincts for nobility and self-destruction in Man.

In two novels of inordinate length Mr. Thomas Wolfe has provided the general reader with a wealth of personal history, occasionally with writing of exceptional power, at times of real beauty, and has caused many critics to wring their hands with despair at his apparent unwillingness to leave off. Despite their length, one felt that both of these novels had been rigorously blue-pencilled, and that the novel form was an uneasy strait-jacket for the author's enthusiasms and despairs.

Surprisingly, then, we find before us a volume of short stories by Mr. Thomas Wolfe **FROM DEATH TO MORNING** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). True, they are stories, and some of them are short, but none of them can be said to be within the technical structure of that much-abused form. They read as if they were—and I suspect they are—chunks cut from those longer works. Some of them stand precariously upon their episodic feet; others are like the earth before the Creator began upon it.

Yet perhaps this is a little too strong, since none of them is devoid of Mr. Wolfe's peculiar genius. Undeniably here is a great writer; equally undeniably he has not learned to discipline his genius. Nevertheless no one who cares for vitality and for the breath of life in fiction can fail to enjoy this book, even though it lacks the restrictions of its advertised form, or the looser continuity of what might be called a novel.

What a mysterious background Mr. L. H. Myers has chosen for his new novel, **STRANGE GLORY** (Putnam. 7s. 6d.); mysterious and yet real enough, since it is of the forests of Louisiana that he writes. "These trees were tall and gaunt, already half killed by the grey moss that hung in beards from every branch. Grey moss—Spanish moss it was called. Drearily, drearily it hung in the windless air. It was like old age. And whole forests were dying from it. Dying forests! Windless air! Grey-bearded age! And silence—always silence! Sometimes there must be winds to shake these old grey beards. And oh, how melancholy mad the trees would then look! A forest of King Lears! With the wind whistling through their long grey beards. Sad! Sad and ridiculous!"

It is a short novel, and quite certainly the best thing the author has done so far, which, even for the most exacting readers, is saying a great deal.

Paulina, the lovely young girl whose life is so vitally influenced by the quiet forest and by the hermit who becomes her friend, is a more earthly, even a more worldly figure than Mr. Myers' characters have been in the past. She has a degree of sophistication; she is very rich, and she is not entirely humorless, but it is her yearly visits to the old town of Pontchartrain and to its surrounding forests that help her finally to discard everything that was superficial about her life, and about her manner of living it.

The love passages, which are the only moments of high emotion in the story, are really moving, but in the end it is not they that are important, but the greater experience of Paulina's self-discovery and her search for peace of mind.

There are moments when the writing has the quality of music, and at all times it is an exceptional and beautiful book.

I should have thought that holding over three thousand inquests would be enough to give a man a particularly morbid outlook, even if it did not make him feel actually suicidal, but apparently this is not the way these things work.

Mr. H. R. Oswald whose autobiography, **MEMOIRS OF A LONDON COUNTY CORONER** (Stanley Paul. 18s.) has just been published, seems to have been immune from the tragic suggestions of his work, and has in consequence been able to write an intelligent, detached, but at the same time sympathetic version of a great many of the cases with which he had to deal.

Quite a number of us who read newspapers take an interest in police work. It is not necessary to follow a murder trial word by word to appreciate the efficiency of an organisation that was able to bring the murderer to justice, "something," as the author himself writes, "more pitiless and more patient than any organisation that even the Orient could show." On the other hand, one's interest usually stops short at the grim business of coroners' courts. Here is realism without excitement, and pathos without beauty; but here also are told the last chapters of life stories, so simple and so poignant that they can never be forgotten.

Some of the best known cases on which Mr. Oswald worked were the Ronald True murder, deaths from drugs supplied by Brilliant Chang and the Greenwood case, but the most amazing stories are those of the lesser known criminals and victims, and the tragic suicides.

Although I am not in agreement with Mr. Oswald's views on capital punishment and corporal punishment, I respect his sincerity, and when he is giving straightforward accounts from his own experience I am held completely.

"I have a hatred of all photographs of the Himalaya. They degrade the mountains in the minds of all who have seen them," writes Sir Francis Younghusband in the prefatory note to his **EVEREST: THE CHALLENGE** (Nelson. 12s. 6d.). "But," he adds, "in the eyes of those who have not seen them, photographs are supposed to give some slight impression of what the mountains are like, so I reluctantly comply with my publishers' request to include some."

The photographs, speaking for those unlucky and untravelled ones who must take them as their only guide, are remarkably fine, particularly those taken by the members of the Everest flight, though there is one case in which I can recognise the justice of the author's protest.

It was Sir Francis Younghusband who, as President of the Royal Geographical Society, first realised the possibility of the ascent of Mount Everest, and was instrumental in forming the Mount Everest Committee, and encouraging and helping the original expeditions. Naturally, therefore, this is a book by an authority, but it is more than that. It is a book by a man who was born in the Himalaya mountains, who knows them, respects them, and, one might almost write, loves them.

"Many travellers and sojourners in the Himalaya may be too young or too old, too poor or too frail to climb the great peaks, but may yet be true mountaineers. They may have a true love of the mountains and be as able as any Everest climber to enter into the real spirit of the mountains."

Sir Francis Younghusband's book helps us to do just that.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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ART—ANCIENT AND MODERN

An Italian Masterpiece Discovered in Austria, and Other Matters

"SAINT ANDREW," BY PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA: This panel of a polyptych, which was formerly in the collection of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, was recently brought to light in Austria, after having been lost sight of for years, and has been acquired by the Knoedler Galleries, New York. It portrays the Saint holding a book and reading intently; he is dressed in a green robe and is barefooted

PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA

Painter and Master of Theory

The announcement of the re-discovery of the picture of St. Andrew has created something of a sensation in New York art circles, for the works of Piero Della Francesca are now great rarities, and in the United States there are said to be only three of them—"The Crucifixion," acquired by John D. Rockefeller, Jnr., in 1929 for £75,000; "Hercules" in the Gardner collection at Boston, Massachusetts; and another example in the Philip Lehman collection; while in Europe Piero is represented in the National Gallery, London; the Uffizi, Florence; the Liechenstein, Vienna; and the Brera, Milan. The artist, who was one of the greatest Italian painters of the fifteenth century, was born at Borgo san Sepolcro about the year 1416, and in 1439 was employed by Domenico Veneziano on the frescoes of Sant' Egidio, Florence. Later he collaborated with Bramantino at the Vatican, and in 1469 entered the service of Duke Federigo at Urbino. He was a great writer on artistic subjects, thereby influencing many of his contemporaries, publishing a treatise on the law of perspective, copies of which still exist, and another on the geometrical structure of paintings, a production that has led to his being dubbed "the first cubist." St. Andrew was the subject of at least two of his works, one carried out in his earliest period in the polyptych of Misericordia in san Sepolcro, and another in his latest period.

A DISTINGUISHED SCOTSMAN OF HIS TIME: Raeburn's portrait of the poet and playwright John Home (1722–1808), the author of the tragedy, *Douglas*—a picture, forgotten for many years, but which came into prominence a short while ago when it was shown at the British Masters of the Eighteenth Century Exhibition at the Galerie Charpentier, Paris, and much praised alike by connoisseurs and members of the general public

John Home, the noted Scottish dramatic poet, was born in 1722, the son of the town clerk of Leith, and a distant relative of the Earls of Home. He was educated at the local grammar school and at Edinburgh University, later being licensed by the Presbytery as a probationer of the kirk. Home started to write poetry at an early age, and the ballad "Gil Morris" supplied him with the outline of the simple but striking plot of *Douglas*, a tragedy that occupied him five years, and when completed was rejected by Garrick. Eventually it was produced in Edinburgh in 1756, the first public performance being greeted with enthusiasm, and later was put on at Covent Garden, Peg Woffington playing Lady Randolph, a part that later found an equally distinguished exponent in Mrs. Siddons. The play was highly praised by most of the critics, Gray saying that it had "retrieved the true language of the stage, which had been lost for two hundred years," and Hume crediting the author with "the true theatric genius of Shakespeare and Otway."

PORTRAITURE OF MARY McEVOY: Mrs. Frank Pershouse (*left*) and Neville Whymant, Esq. (*right*)—two notable pictures at the exhibition of this artist's work at Knoedler's, Old Bond Street, which continues up till April 4. Mrs. McEvoy is the widow of Ambrose McEvoy, A.R.A., who was known for his portraiture and landscapes. He died in 1927

Mainly ARCHAEOLOGICAL

A Drawbridge Discovered at the Tower of London— A Scottish Castle Transferred to a New Site

EXCAVATIONS IN THE CITY: The first important discovery for many years at the Tower of London was made recently when a subsidence in the small triangular green just inside the palisades revealed the masonry structure of an old drawbridge, some 5 ft. below the surface. Chases for a counterpoise were also found

DISMANTLED TO RISE AGAIN: Numbered stones waiting to be placed in position on the new site—an aspect of the work of transferring historic Doon Castle to the mainland from an islet on Loch Doon, Ayrshire. The removal is being carried out by His Majesty's Office of Works, and it is being done as there was a distinct danger of the building becoming inundated through a rise in the water level brought about by a new dam constructed under the Galloway power scheme

A GIANT PASSES: This enormous mulberry tree at No. 7, Spring Terrace, Richmond, estimated to be over 300 years old and one of the town's most interesting relics, has recently been destroyed in order to make way for the telephone exchange which is to be built on the site. As the wood was of no value whatsoever for commercial purposes the tree was burnt to the ground where it stood

GEMS OF MEDIEVAL ECCLESIASTICAL ART: Two of the very fine bosses, previously hidden beneath the grime of centuries, revealed in the cloisters of Norwich Cathedral where elaborate cleaning and restoration work is now being carried out under the supervision of Professor Tristram who believes that if sufficient money is forthcoming to complete the task the cloisters may become one of the show places of the country. The finds date from the 14th century

DELVING INTO THE PAST: The boys of Cottesmore School, Nottingham, are learning in a unique way the history of their city, as they are excavating under the guidance of their history master, Mr. H. Green, the ruins of the old monastic foundation, Lenton Priory. The youthful archaeologists, who have made several interesting finds already, are all members of the school's History Society

PORTRAITS IN DEMAND

A Raeburn and Devis, Newly Recognised Genius, Reflect the Upward Trend of Prices

"JAMES ALEXANDER SIMPSON WHEN A BOY": A child portrait of great charm, by Arthur William Devis (1761-1822) which recently fetched no less than 3,600 guineas at Christie's, thus testifying to the growing posthumous fame of this artist. (*See note in accompanying article*)

THOUGH there has been nothing spectacular in the salerooms since Christmas there has also been nothing to complain about—in fact the sales have been of that steady quality which is really to be preferred, for all concerned, to a fluctuating market. Prices have been good all round and show a definite return to the period before the boom.

The most noticeable advance of price was shown over the work of a little-known artist at Christie's early this month when a picture of a child by Arthur William Devis fetched 3,600 guineas. It was a charming picture of a small boy—James Alexander Simpson who in later life became Solicitor to the Foundling Hospital. He is shown wearing a red jacket and buff breeches and holding a dog. The artist was the son of the much better known, Arthur Devis, whose work has been appreciated more and more of recent years—but though the father was unquestionably gaining in saleroom value, the son was still a doubtful quantity. However he has now established a reputation which will doubtless benefit financially all possessors of his pictures who have hitherto merely enjoyed them for their intrinsic charm. Born in London in 1761 he had soon shown, under his father's training, artistic ability, which he had mainly devoted to historical subjects.

A CHARACTERISTIC RAEBURN: The portrait of Lieut.-Colonel Charles Mackenzie Fraser which was sold at Christie's last week for 1,950 guineas, an increase of 950 guineas over the price paid for it when it last came up for auction. The subject was a son of Major-General Alexander Mackenzie Fraser, hero of the battle of Geldermalsen (January 5, 1795)

When a Raeburn of any quality appears in the sale-room it is always greeted with interest and respect, ever since the astonishment of the high prices realised during the "boom." Last week, at Christie's, there were two characteristic portraits, one of Lieut.-Colonel Charles Mackenzie Fraser of Castle Fraser, in scarlet military coat with blue facings, and the other of Sir Robert Sinclair, seventh baronet of Cambus Kenneth and Castlehill, who is depicted wearing a green coat with a high collar and powdered hair. They are both striking portraits with that peculiar brilliance so distinctive of Raeburn's work which never seems to look "dingy," possibly due, it has been suggested, to the fact that the artist used only a small number of sound colours, and did not experiment as did Sir Joshua. With all his remarkable facility for painting, Raeburn disliked painting hands, and it has been noticed that he avoided doing so whenever possible. When the Duke of Buccleuch wanted the famous artist to paint a portrait of his friend, Sir Walter Scott, for his library at Bowhill, he reminded Scott in a letter of this failing. "Raeburn should be warned that I am as well acquainted with my friend's hands as with his nose, and Vandyck was of my opinion. Many of R.'s works are shamefully finished—the face studied, but everything else neglected."

At the same sale there were six examples of the work of Fantin-Latour, all flower studies, which at one time could be picked up for a few pounds but which are now rightly appreciated. The excellence and care of his painting has raised his value, and now the average price of his flower pictures is in the neighbourhood of 200 or 300 guineas.

The most important piece of the few examples of old English gold plate was sold at Sotheby's early this month, fetching £840. It was the only one of its type known to exist and was of very elegant classic style, the bowl rising as if it were a flower from a calyx formed by a circle of acanthus. It had been presented by the British officers serving at Goa, the capital of the Portuguese possessions in India, to Joshua Uhthoff "in testimony of their respect for his character, and of their grateful sense of his kind, hospitable and friendly conduct towards them, while he resided as British Envoy at Goa, 1800." It has been suggested that Uhthoff, who had sent arrack to the soldiers during the Mahratta campaigns, at the request of Sir Arthur Wellesley, had possibly seen to the wants of the officers at Goa in the matter of wine, and thus earned their gratitude, expressed subsequently in the form of the very handsome gold cup.

A maple-wood mazer, dating from about 1500, and known as the Robert Deane mazer, from the name of the well-known collector, was also sold at Sotheby's fetching £620. The medallion is of silver-gilt, displaying a figure of Guy of Warwick, the hero who slew the Northumbrian dragon.

According to Dr. Rosenbach, the great bibliophile of Philadelphia, books are the wisest investment, as rare volumes always command an increasing price, whereas stocks and shares fall, and steel and rubber and oil may prove disastrous. This is good news for book collectors who love to possess rare books for sheer love of them, and who at the same time can have the comforting thought that the Shakespeare folio, the rare Shelley pamphlet, or the original *Pilgrim's Progress* upon their shelves is a safer method of keeping money for the future than gilt-edged securities.

Certainly the possession of any books or drawings of William Blake means money to-day, for every time anything bearing his name appears in the saleroom, it obtains an increased price. Four of his books were sold at Sotheby's on February 19—coming from the library of the late Sir Algernon Methuen who had bought them when Lord Crewe sold them in 1903. A very fine copy of *Songs of Innocence and Experience* carried an interesting history, being known to have belonged to Thomas Butts, a great friend of Blake, who paid 6 guineas for it. It afterwards belonged to Richard Monckton Milnes, the father of Lord Crewe, and at the sale in 1903 realised what was then thought to be an extremely high price, £300. Now Dr. Rosenbach has paid £1,050 for this beautiful copy. Another of Blake's books *The Book of Thel* bought for £77 in 1903, fetched £420, while Young's *Night Thoughts* illustrated with coloured engravings by Blake, went for £580, having been purchased for £170, thus justifying Dr. Rosenbach's confidence.

The first two days next week, March 30 and 31, are to be devoted at Messrs. Sotheby's to the disposal of a selected portion of the valuable library and manuscripts belonging to Major Q. E. Gurney of Bawdeswell Hall, Norfolk. Two items in the catalogue have already been illustrated in THE SPHERE—Ptolemy's *Cosmographia* and the interlude *Respublica*, thought to be the work of Nicholas Udall. But there are many other treasures to excite the book collector, to whom the auction room brings the greatest thrill. There is John Gower's *Confessio Amantis*—a fine manuscript of Gower's only English poem, apparently written by six scribes, and a book from the library of William Caxton, inscribed by him *The Libel of English Policy*, a poem on the use of sea-power, composed about 1436-8, showing the political and commercial advantages of securing the command of the sea.

Then there is the manuscript, the only one known, of the three morality plays, dating from the middle of the fifteenth century—*Mankind; Wisdom, Will, and Understanding;* and *The Castle of Perseverance;* all of them representing symbolically the struggle for the soul of man. These plays are earlier than the famous *Everyman*, which was so serious in intention that the rough humour found in the earlier plays was entirely omitted. This sale is bound to lure the book-collector whose love of the auction-room, according to Dr. Rosenbach, never fails.

B. H.

IN THE CLASSIC STYLE: This handsome gold cup, presented by British officers to the British Envoy at Goa in 1800, was auctioned for £840 at Sotheby's this month

JOINING THE ARMY (*Cont. from page 534*)

civil life as far as possible. The instructors act rather in the capacity of foremen than of teachers. There are employment bureaux to obtain work for the men after they have finished their courses. Newspapers and trade journals are scrutinised every day. Suitable advertisements are published, and constant touch is maintained with several large firms and Employment Exchanges.

Yes, the Army has a lot to offer nowadays. The life has changed a great deal. The days when a soldier learnt everything by numbers on the parade ground are past. To-day he "goes to the pictures" for supplemental instruction in practically every phase of his work. There are talkies, slow motion and sound films covering a wide range of subjects. Mechanics can see a six-wheel lorry being oiled and greased, and an examination of it being conducted. Cavalrymen are taken to see a film dealing with particular points in the training of horses. The signal section receives film instruction in semaphore, heliograph, Lucas lamp, and telephone. Infantry watch a platoon in action, and methods of camouflage are particularly well demonstrated.

As to the food, there is more of it, and far more variety. Army kitchens are so up-to-date that it is difficult to think of any improvement. The army cook has every kind of modern cooking apparatus to help him. On various occasions they have won open competitions for cookery and recipes which show that they compare very favourably with the average chef. Actually it would appear that the present day soldier remains true to tradition in the matter of his food.

But let us compare a soldier's lot in 1913 with that of the present day. In 1913 his pay was 1s. a day and the ration allowance 3½d. On passing a stiff test with a rifle he was able to get another 6d. a day after one year and another 2d. a day for the upkeep of his uniform. On Saturdays he got a half day. To-day, as I have said, the recruit's pay starts at 2s. a day, and if he becomes a fairly good rifle shot he gets another 3d. after one year's service, and over 10s. a month clothing allowance. The ration allowance has gone up to 9d., and as soon as the man has done three years' service he gets another 6d. daily. Several jobs, such as officer's servant, mess waiters, carpenters and clerks include extra pay ranging from 10s. to £1 a month. In his spare time he can wear civilian clothes providing he behaves himself. Practically every afternoon there is some form of sport in which the men can take part. Educational training takes place during parade hours instead of after parade hours as in 1913. Even the recruit has two half holidays a week.

It really seems as though a soldier's life is a very pleasant one to-day; and of course everyone is agreed that in the event of another war the front line trenches will probably be the safest place of all, because most of the mortality would be caused among the civilian population by enemy aeroplanes. Patriotism and an innate belligerency, therefore, need form a very small percentage of one's reasons for joining the army in 1936.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Society is carrying on the great work of training young children to become good and useful men and women. Donations are earnestly solicited to help to feed, clothe, and educate the 1,100 poor boys and girls in the Society's various Homes and Training Ship. Please help. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

IN A LONDON FLAT

The delightful room we picture here is one of a series in a flat recently furnished throughout by Harrods. The three-piece suite in celadon green and gold Brocatelle costs £47.17.6 and is all-hair upholstered. Sideboard, sofa table and circular library table are all in yew—mellow, richly toned and beautifully shaped. £28.17.6, £18.19.6, £22.10, respectively. The wrought iron occasional table with painted marbled top has legs and underframe painted old gold and parchment. £8.8.

Don't fail to visit Harrods Exhibit at the 'Ideal Home' Exhibition—it will interest you

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Above and Below : Scenes from the "City of Beautiful Night" at the Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, W.

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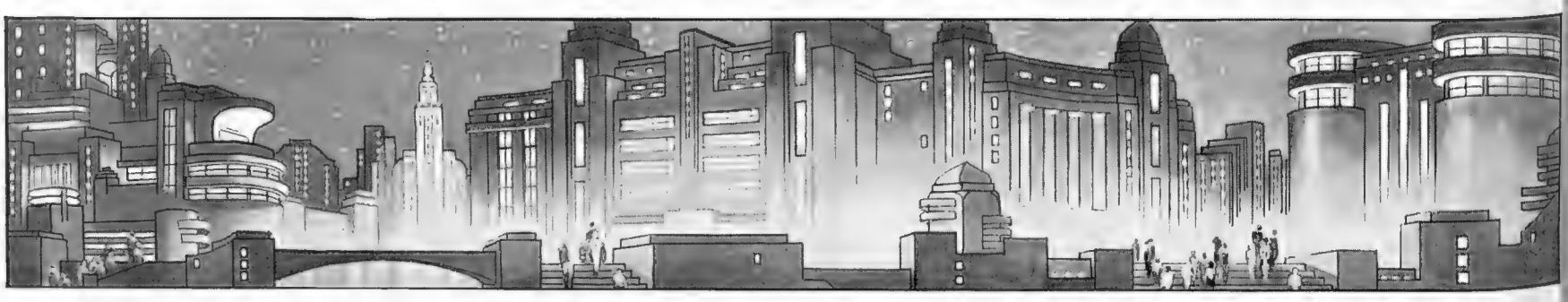

IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION SECTION OF THE SPHERE

Reproductions of

FAMOUS ROOMS

By Winifred Lewis

WHAT is an ideal home? Put the question to a hundred people and you will probably get a hundred different opinions.

The home which is the perfect expression of comfort and harmony to one may be an object of pity to another. Which only shows what a task is set for those who, every year, set out to express the ideals of a whole community in the famous Exhibition at Olympia.

Since the inception of the Exhibition some eight or ten years ago, ideals have suffered a change. Between the crude asbestos bungalows that created such a stir of interest at the earliest Exhibition to the sun-trap homes of fine design and workmanship which now replace them in the public estimation, lies a story of rapid progress which cannot have been equalled in any previous era.

The Olympia Exhibition is largely responsible for this astounding record of improvement. Not only has it expressed the ideals of the home-loving man and woman, but it has given them practical shape, and brought about a closer contact between buyers and sellers of beautiful homes than was ever possible before.

Ronald Colman's library is very much a man's room, with its dark panelled walls and deep, comfortable chairs. The grouping of the furniture round the fire gives it a friendly air

This year, steel and velvet, dreams and concrete, have been welded at Olympia into a spectacle worthy of the traditions of the Exhibition, and expressive of the further progress in home-making which has been made since last year.

Carpenters, plumbers, scientists, engineers, decorators, experts in every craft—nearly 2,000 of them—have combined their knowledge and their skill to stage an annual entertainment which will give further impetus to the cause of comfortable living.

Here are a few of the material ingredients for this vast harmony of fact and fancy:—velvet from Lancashire, to make a sky of glamorous night, 24,000 yards; steel wire to suspend the sky, 5 miles; soil for the gardens, 1,250 tons.

Many hundreds of telephone circuits have been installed, pipe lines for gas and water, and conduits for electricity. Masses of ancient rock have been carted from the mountains of Lakeland, Wales, Dorset—and America.

Cedars and pines from British Columbia to a diameter of 10 feet, and a height of 230 feet, have been used to construct one of the many interesting houses.

No expense is spared. The Olympia Exhibition does, in fact, give a very valuable fillip to trade both during construction and throughout the three weeks of its existence.

The Main Hall of Olympia has become the City of Beautiful Night.

Here under a velvet vault, pierced by the brightest of stars, rise vistas of distant edifices opening their "magic casements" to the City.

Spanning the City Broadway is an archway of glass, surmounted by the tower bandstand and a slender glass tower. Both are illuminated with a soft green light.

The hollow glass bricks that compose the archway and tower have never been used in this way in England before. Visitors mount the sides of the great arch and stroll along graceful terraces 20 ft. above the "City" streets.

Other sections of this great show are devoted to food and cookery, heating and lighting, domestic economy, beauty, and of course, furnishing and housing.

The "stunt" features this year are creating more than usual interest.

"The Film Stars' Rooms" are satisfying the curiosity of acknowledged film fans and providing a good deal of interest to less infatuated star gazers.

Mechanical creations to enliven the Exhibition include: "A Conversational Cow" who strolls about the scientific dairy farm, and replies, with monumental patience, to questions on the operations in progress there. In the Post Office exhibit there is a clock which speaks the time to the precise minute when requested, and dials throughout the exhibition building direct visitors to any point asked for, thus eliminating a good deal of the fatigue associated with sight-seeing.

Here is Mr. Leslie Banks' "Green Room" in his Chelsea home. Evidently books mean a great deal to him. He is lending to the exhibition Joseph Oppenheimer's portrait of himself as Clive of India

Here is Miss Constance Bennett's living room, beautifully restrained in treatment. You can see it at the Ideal Home Exhibition, where reproductions of the rooms of famous stars will delight film fans

There is an air of spacious simplicity in this living room in the home of the famous film producer, Cecil B. de Mille. It is produced in "The Homes of the Film Stars" at the Ideal Home Exhibition

IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION SECTION OF THE SPHERE

NEW TRENDS

in Contemporary Decoration

By DEREK PATMORE

AS the years go by, the new trends in contemporary decoration are becoming more clearly defined. We learn by experience what to discard and what to retain from the stream of new ideas that have been launched from London, New York, and the Continent.

The first phase of modern decoration is past. Crude, angular lines and "stunt" modern furniture are no longer tolerated, and this spring witnesses a return to a far more intelligent attitude towards interior decoration.

First of all, there is a definite feeling for the use of colour as opposed to the all-white monotone colour scheme. In the reaction against the ugliness of nineteenth-century styles, and in the common desire to break away from unnecessary decorative detail, colour suffered a temporary eclipse. But the eye soon wearies of a bare white wall, and in a survey of new ideas in furniture displayed in the leading West End stores, it is significant to note that firms such as Harrods and Hamptons are all displaying their furniture against colour backgrounds.

In the recently re-decorated furniture galleries at Harrods, one of the most noticeable innovations is the attempt that has been made to soften the severity of the first post-war efforts in modern furniture, and the fact that square-shaped furniture is now no longer quite so popular. Instead, we find designs that whilst they are modern in execution are definitely inspired by classical designs. For example, one of the most interesting new suites of furniture shown by Harrods is a modern bedroom suite in which the chief decoration is achieved by covering the furniture in embossed leather decorated in soft pastel shades.

There is an interesting living room in which the furniture has been carried out in natural waxed oak, and the severity of the chairs has been softened by making the backs of interlaced cane. This furniture besides being extremely economical in price is also admirably planned from a utility point of view. The problem of the small room has been taken into consideration, and each of these pieces fits into the average small modern apartment. The sideboard is also a secretaire, and can be used for both purposes.

At this time of year, women are asking themselves what are the new popular colours. A reply to this question can be found. There is a definite re-action against neutral shades; all tones of light blue are going to be popular, also shades of light green and yellow, and

Simple in line, but perfectly balanced in design, this furniture for a modern living room is made in natural waxed oak. It comes from Harrods and is specially planned for a low ceilinged room

the use of chintz in these pastel shades is very prevalent. Quilted fabrics are still very much in demand, and it will be noticed that chintz in particular is being used more and more in town houses and flats as opposed to the old idea of using chintz for country houses only.

There are a number of interesting new fabrics this spring, and, undoubtedly, the decoration of the *Queen Mary* has done a great deal to stimulate public interest.

This week Hamptons have been giving a special exhibition of furnishing fabrics that are being used to decorate and furnish various public rooms, staterooms and cabins in this great new liner, and a survey of this exhibition provides one with a very accurate idea of what is best in the new ranges.

Interior decoration during the last few years has become far more sophisticated, and the desire for richly coloured fabrics, elaborate patterns and gleaming surfaces is shown amongst the displayed fabrics. For instance, they are using some very fine crushed velvets for the *Queen Mary*. These are made in gleaming silver grey and light tones of blue, and are immensely effective. Many of the bedspreads for the 1st class cabins are made in oyster-grey quilted satin. Undoubtedly, satin is in for a great revival.

There are also some interesting new printed fabrics on roughly-woven grounds. Much in evidence amongst the *Queen Mary* fabrics are some of the new furnishing linens, many of which have modern printed designs on them, and there are also some patterns in which silk thread has been interwoven in the linen. Inexpensive, hard-wearing, and easily cleaned, I predict a big vogue for these linens during the coming year.

It is interesting to note in the Hampton show the predominant colours that are being used. These are practically all soft shades such as light blue, light apple green, fawn, golden yellow, and a certain amount of rose-pink and coral red.

To sum up the new trends; modern decoration to-day is more sophisticated, more colourful, much more sane, and in consequence far more livable than it has been in the past. The alliance between the old and the new has softened the eccentricities of what was bad in the first attempts of modernism, and we are at last reaching a stage in interior decoration when the new style is both elegant and urbane.

In the eighteenth-century manner this wing easy chair is an admirable example of Daniel Marot needlework, the design being carried out in tones of soft blues, greens, and vermilion. The reproduction cabinet is in yew, with fine tapestry panels to match the chair, and the two-tier teapoy is also a faithful reproduction in yew

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BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

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IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION SECTION OF THE SPHERE

Extremes Meet in A WELL PLANNED KITCHEN

By Joan Woollcombe

THE old idea that ease is sinful and there is grim virtue in hard work has persisted longest in the kitchen. If we have been inclined to sentimentalise about our nurseries, bedrooms, and sitting-rooms, and, above all, our gardens, no one yet has said that "a kitchen is a lovesome thing," for the excellent reason that the horrid phrase just could not apply.

Here is a typical modern kitchen, with a good sized refrigerator and a streamlined sink unit. The lighting also is admirable

But, from having been an exasperating muddle, and (what is even more vital), having emerged from the gadget mania stage the kitchen is now ready to be enjoyed by the modern woman who intelligently delights in faultless machinery and the real fun of efficiency. The term "modern woman" embraces the mistress and her maid; for the modern maid demands, where once she suspected, these efficient varieties of equipment. One thing the mistress of the house has not, however, if she is the owner of the normal medium-sized home. She has not got unlimited cash with which to transform her old, into an entirely new, kitchen. Nor has she got limitless time in which to explore new devices and check up on reports she has heard of cookers, refrigerators, and so on. Finally, she is in no mood to be dictated to! Rigidly planned model kitchens are not going to solve her problem as much as detached suggestions of the best possible ideas for a variety of problems that harass the normal household.

Take, the usual medium-sized family with a kitchen that is the domain of one treasured maid. It must be modernised; it must pay for its modernisation; they cannot afford "stunts" nor can they afford to be without those things that will make work pleasurable as well as efficient. The mistress of the house as she stands in her old-style kitchen thinking of it as it might be has five main problems to solve. The first is obviously that of the cooking unit. After that of water, which includes sink equipment, of storage (which includes, of course, refrigeration), and of the area of operations, which includes an efficient kitchen table and, finally, of lighting and ventilation.

To very few is given the delight of starting to plan their kitchen from zero; should this happen it is productive of ideas to explore possibilities as shewn, for instance, in the plans for Aga Cooker kitchens designed by Mrs. Darcy Braddell; while the Industrial Psychologist, Mrs. Winifred Raphael has made an expert study of kitchen lay-out, also.

One-room flats present their own particular problems, since life can never be solely decorative. Here is a well thought out kitchenette, very compact, but quite large enough for the storing of the essentials of housekeeping

But—*take your own ordinary and rather "difficult" kitchen*, and deal with it, section by section, selecting the very best modern equipment.

First: cooking. What do you want in a cooker? If you are human, you want one that looks good and is fun in its infinite possibilities. You also badly need economy and reliability and maximum performance, if possible with minimum attention.

If Rolls-Royce had produced a baby car there would be a rush of discriminating persons to "own a Rolls." Actually, I believe, the same thing has just occurred with the "Rolls" of the cooking world, the Aga Cooker. The new Aga "35" is designed especially for the owner-cook of the small household, as well as the modern flat. The model to which we are more accustomed, the 4/10, deals easily with the household from two to ten people. And, if I had to generalise with confidence, I would back either as a winner for the woman who wants to modernise her cooking unit without cost and with, finally, considerable saving. In addition, let us at once confess that the simplicity, solidity, and the modern look of the thing please one's æsthetic sense. I personally, like to have machinery that I enjoy using in my kitchen, irrespective of other considerations.

But—there are other considerations. We have almost begun to take it for granted that Aga is the most modern cooker of all; that its fuel cost is guaranteed (which it is—not to exceed £4 *a year* in fuel cost) and that it is always on duty, has neither taps, switches, dust, nor fumes. But we cannot easily get accustomed to the fact that its ovens and hot plates are always ready for use, that boiling is unusually rapid, and simmering done safely, and that all cooking temperatures are automatically controlled.

But, in respect of those reasons that women have (but to which they do not always confess!) for doing things—mine for selecting a 47/10 is that for some 7s. 6d. a week *altogether* I can have the sheer delight of a number of other details, like the *right* way of grilling, and decently cooked vegetables. In addition to this, simple arithmetic reveals that, if my household hitherto cost me some £20 a year in fuel, I shall save £16 a year on my fuel bills alone; but, if I have to recover my initial outlay I shall do so in just over three years and, after that, this will actually be returning me some 30 per cent. on my money. My 7s. 6d. a week represents about 6s. per week (for monthly instalment) and 1s. 6d. a week for fuel.

Having selected the actual model—and the new "35" will be easily sufficient for most small modern households—there is the fun of choosing the utensils. These are base-machined dead flat and have dead flat tops, so that they can cook in layers; the griller heats from below (every cook will appreciate this) and, of course, has the superlative effect usually associated with silver grills!

I have purposely devoted a good deal of space to the cooking unit; it is the first essential and—one must justify one's choice; but what I did not realise is that the Aga people will make installation, redecoration up to a certain figure, and the main charge all part of the spread-over payments.

Then—water-heating. Assuming that this does not come from a central supply, I can think of no surer system than the gas people's Ascot; it is automatic, and the water is always piping hot, though if your electricity charges are really low it is worth while asking about storage heaters from your local showrooms. Sink equipment in placing and type is vital to your ease; and the all-metal streamlined sink is at long last coming into its own. Oliver Hill has designed a good unit for Monel metal with completely waterproof drawers and cupboards underneath in a space that was formerly so often wasted. "Nevastane" sinks are sound deadened, another advantage, and also have a streamlined fitment beneath. These and certain others, are well worth your attention if you think of a face-lift for the most often neglected section of your home.

The Aga Cooker is the solution of the economy plus complete control problem of the modern owner-driver of the smaller home. Here is the new small model which has been planned with the greatest ingenuity

You will plan your kitchen with some intention of saving unnecessary walking; you will select and invest in a modern kitchen table with the firm intention of eliminating some irritation with a far too often unsatisfactory unit. This development has only recently arrived; the "Neetamaid" people of Derby have a variety of table ideas with fitted cupboards beneath, and one practical model with a reversible top from wood to porcelain.

Another aid to the simplification of routine—an Easiwork kitchen cabinet which almost thinks for itself

Storage naturally includes refrigeration. In the last few years we have definitely been converted to the necessity of a refrigerator in every home, however small: and, more often it is the small home that needs it most. Electricity or gas operated, these are obtainable in variety.

It is not now difficult to get the co-operation of the modern maid. But the example of Her Majesty Queen Mary should be more often followed . . . she took her housekeeper with her to the Ideal Home Exhibition!

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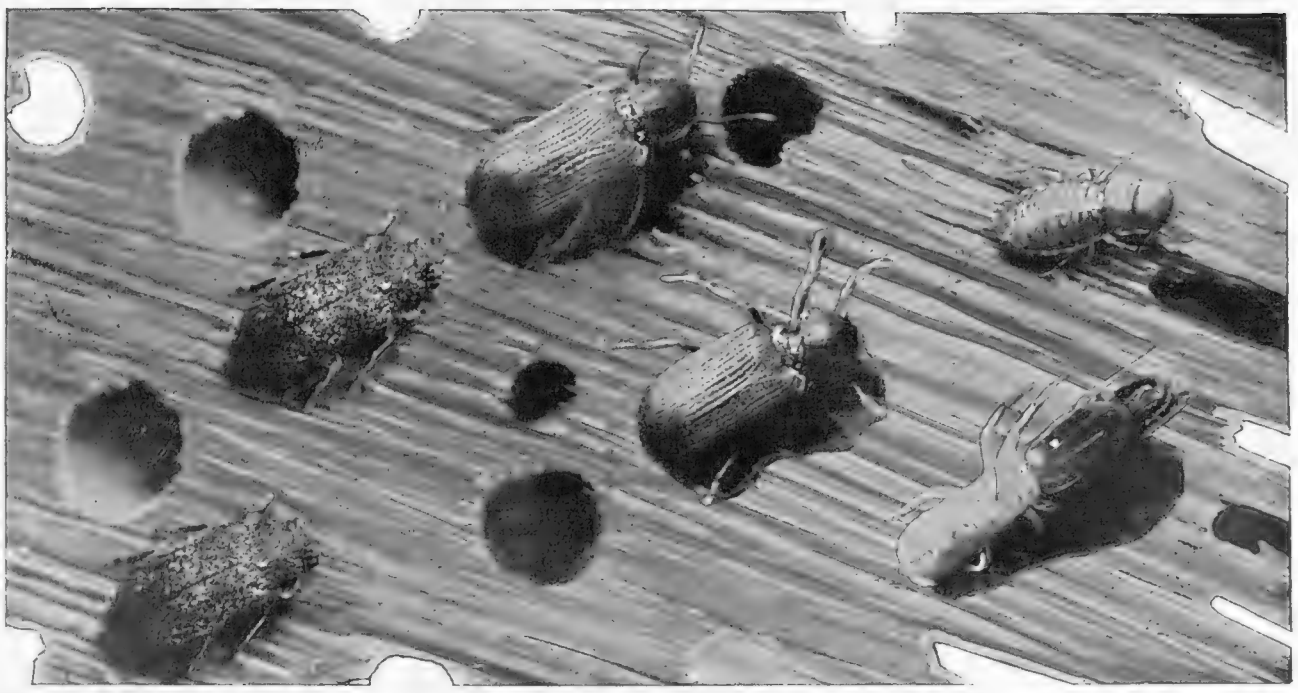

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A graduated strip of mirror takes the place of a mantelpiece in this small modern room. It is illuminated by two long strips above and below it, and the fireplace itself can be used for coal or electricity

THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION

Harnessing Light and Warmth

A Modern Science that has Become an Art

In the early days of electricity, lighting was necessarily functional rather than decorative, for the price was high, and experimenting was apt to be a costly business. In any case, every new movement, at its inception, appears in a comparatively simple form, and as the knowledge of its potentialities increases so do more elaborate treatments become general.

Furthermore, much more subtle but effective lighting can now be obtained at the expenditure of less current because of the improvement in electric light bulbs. No longer does anybody believe that a harsh and vivid glare makes things easier for the eyes. The modern ideal, enthusiastically approved by oculists, is to achieve mellowness without shadows for all utilitarian purposes.

Once one begins to consider the purely decorative value of light its possibilities are endless. Used judiciously, it can make a room seem infinitely larger than it really is. It can disguise ugly sections of a wall or soften forbidding angles. It can change colour schemes in a few minutes. And it can focus attention on any one thing in a room to the exclusion of everything else.

This perhaps is its greatest triumph in small modern flats. Frequently they are architecturally undistinguished. Seldom indeed is there room for many treasures. But all disadvantages are overlooked if the eye is carried to one point, where a lovely thing is flooded with coloured light. Flowers in a coloured glass bowl are extraordinarily charming against a corner light, the colour of the rounded parchment shade shining through the glass, and the light edging the leaves and petals with radiance.

Well distributed light in a bedroom can save hours of irritation, and incidentally it considerably minimises the chances of disasters in make-up. Obviously indirect lighting has many advantages, for it does away with "spots" and has an entire absence of glare. But it can be overdone, for its lack of all shadows gives a curiously flat appearance. One or two direct lamps, apart from their own decorative effect, will create a pleasing contrast between warmly lit circles and subtle half-tones, giving life and interest to the scheme.

Architectural lighting is best planned before the house is built, since it is sometimes expensive to instal afterwards. Luminous panels may be used to outline windows or doors, or to replace the side or bottom of false beams. The important construction feature of panel lighting is a sufficiently dense glass to diffuse the illumination evenly without any spots of light showing around the area of the bulbs.

Here is an example of both decorative and functional lighting. The lamp gives a soft glow and adds to the intimacy of the room, while an illuminated panel inside the cupboard does away with guessing and is a great saver of tempers

Naturally, if a house is built in the country where the cost of electricity happens to be heavy because the consumption is not sufficient to justify a low tariff, the first decision that has to be made is whether or not it would be more satisfactory to instal a private generating plant.

These are amazingly inexpensive to run (it can be reckoned, on an average, that a Diesel engine, burning crude oil, provides electricity at less than 1d. a unit), and the newest models have been simplified to such an extent that no skilled labour is essential for the engine to be kept in order.

Before making up one's mind about such a matter it is advisable to consult some thoroughly reliable firm which has had long experience in installing such plants. Drake and Gorham have carried out such work at some of the most famous homes in England. They are always ready to give valuable advice, and at their numerous branches resident engineers are available within easy reach of any point in the United Kingdom.

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SPRING IN WINDMILL LAND

Seeing Holland at its Best — When the Bulbs are in Bloom

HOLLAND can, on occasion, be about the most depressing country in the world. Early morning arrivals at the Hook of Holland, after a night crossing from Harwich, or at Rotterdam if one goes by the smaller (and cheaper) Dutch boats that leave from Tilbury, are not a very exhilarating start for any holiday, and one looks in vain for signs of the picturesque: there is just a low skyline broken by occasional factory chimneys.

I remember one such arrival, a year or two back in April, with a friend who had not been to Holland before, and had such a craving for foreign travel that he was prepared to be pleased with almost anything. We were on the Tilbury–Rotterdam boat, and after a slightly disturbed night, came up on deck at about half-past seven, just as we were passing the Hook. The sea looked grey and lumpy; the dunes looked grey, the sky looked grey, and there was a slight drizzle falling. I pointed out the bird sanctuary on the right bank, which stretches for two or three miles along the coast to the south. I told him that in May and June it was brilliant with gorse, and that if one were sufficiently interested in bird life to apply for permission to go there, one could spend long warm days studying many rare species at close quarters.

Then we approached Rotterdam, and I told him that sometimes, when the sun was shining, it looked a very fine city, and that there were some splendid modern buildings; that the docks at Rotterdam are amongst the biggest in the world, and that they accommodate a large proportion of the Rhine barge traffic, from such important industrial centres as Cologne and Coblenz.

By now, however, it was raining very hard indeed, and this appeal to the romance of commerce fell rather flat. It was not until some days later, when we were in Rotterdam again, that I was able to demonstrate my point by taking him into the middle of the giant bridge which spans the Maas and showing him the forest of masts and funnels that stretches as far as the eye can see, the eager tugs, ploughing their way hither and thither, the sunlight dancing on the blue water.

We also went to the Bowman's Museum, where there is an unexpectedly fine collection of early-Dutch and Flemish paintings — I say unexpectedly only because this gallery is so much less well known than either the Mauritzhuis at The Hague or the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam, which share between them some of the best Rembrandts in the world. At the Mauritzhuis are also two very famous Vermeers—the "Head of a Girl" and the "View of Delft."

But to go back to this morning of our arrival: we disembarked, and I noticed my friend glance about him in the waning hope of seeing someone in clogs and baggy trousers as we got into the taxi that was to take us the twenty kilometres to The Hague. He admitted that the road was good, and I hastened to assure him that all the roads in Holland are good, and that a special treat in store for him was the drive over the Veluwe country when we went to see Amersfoort, Arnhem and Zutphen, in the eastern province of Gelderland. I wanted him particularly to see these towns, because they are very charming and very typically "Dutch," while Zutphen has a certain interest for English visitors since it was in the battle here that Sir Philip Sidney lost his life, and one finds a statue commemorating the fact.

RURAL HOLLAND: A windmill in full working order at Nunspeet in the Veluwe district — a lovely sweeping heathland alternating with magnificent beech woods

Drawings by Percy Home

THE WATERGATE AT AMERSFOORT: A typical aspect of Dutch architecture that endears itself so much to the artist and lover of the picturesque

And I wanted him particularly to see the Veluwe, a lovely sweeping heathland, alternating with magnificent beech woods, which covers a large part of this province and is only sparsely populated. The Dutch are beginning to appreciate its holiday charm, and one or two up-to-date hotels have been built, but it seems to be known to very few foreigners.

The clouds were lifting a little as we by-passed Delft, but I decided not to make a stop there just then, because it can be reached by tram in about twenty minutes from The Hague, and it is so nice to see for the first time on a fine day, when the trees which flank its canals are just coming into leaf, and the sun is warm on the red brick of the great leaning belfry and the Prinzenhof, just opposite—the house where William of Orange, Holland's national hero, was assassinated some three and a half centuries ago. This is in the centre of the town, and the appearance of the neighbouring square and surrounding streets cannot have been very different then from to-day.

The outskirts of The Hague did not seem to be doing much to enhance my friend's confidence in me as a cicerone (it was I who had persuaded him to come), so I talked hard of all that we would see. In the afternoon, when it had cleared up, we would walk through the Haagsche Bosch, the wooded gardens which lie to the north of the town, to the Huis im Bosch (the House in the Woods) which is the Queen's summer palace, and the beautiful State apartments which one is allowed to look over when the Court is not in residence. To-morrow we would go by train, or would drive, to Amsterdam and back through the bulb-fields, stopping at Leiden to inspect some of the university buildings, and at Haarlem to visit the Franz Hals Museum. The next day we would go to Scheveningen in the morning and leave for Alkmaar in the afternoon, spending the night there so as to be up early for the Thursday morning cheese market, which really is one of the sights of the country, and which nobody should miss. Then we would go on to the Zuider Zee and see Monnikendam and Edam, where I knew my friend would find enough national costumes and national types to satisfy him for life.

By the time we had got to our hotel and had some coffee—good coffee, with great lumps of cream floating about on it—the sun was shining and there was a marvellous feeling of spring about. My friend sniffed the air appreciatively: "This is a Holland I can recognise" he said, "this is the light and colour of Ruisdael's pictures and I'm glad I came." And I knew he would be even more glad when he had seen some of the things I wanted to show him.

Richard Nowell

Travel Notes of the Week

Answers to Enquiries

P., Cheshire (France).—The minimum return seventeen-day excursion fare to Paris from London is £2 15s. 2d., which is the 3rd class fare via Newhaven–Dieppe. You would require a passport for a week's visit to France. In order to keep expenses within the sum you mention we suggest you take a week-end ticket to Paris. On such a ticket, which would cost £2 10s. 3d. 3rd class via Newhaven–Dieppe, you would not need a passport. You could leave London by the 10 a.m. service on the Friday, returning by the 8.27 p.m. service from Paris on the Tuesday evening, which would give you four full days in Paris. Very inexpensive accommodation in Paris can be had at the Pension Rozier, 13, rue Washington, Champs Elysées.

* * *

K., Norfolk (Palestine).—The return fare by Prince Line from London or Manchester to Haifa is £40 between December and August. There are sailings from London every twenty-one days, and from Manchester every ten to fourteen days. The boats, which are of 6,000 tons, carry about twenty passengers, calling en route at Malta, Alexandria, and Jaffa. The return fares from Haifa to Baghdad by the comfortable motor coaches of the Nairn Transport Company are £15 6s. 1st class, and £11 14s. 2nd class. The convoys leave Haifa on Mondays and Thursdays arriving at Damascus the same day, leaving there on Tuesdays and Fridays and arriving at Baghdad on Wednesdays and Saturdays. In the reverse direction they leave Baghdad on Mondays and Thursdays, arriving at Damascus on Tuesdays and Fridays, and Haifa in the evening of those days. Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Ltd., are agents for the Nairn Transport Co., Ltd.

* * *

K., Cornwall (Cruise).—As you have already made cruises to the Norwegian fjords, the Atlantic Isles and the Dalmatian coast, we suggest that you book for the cruise No. 11, which the *Atlantis* of the Royal Mail Line is making from Southampton on September 26. Though the date of departure is later than you wished, we think you would do well to wait for this cruise which is a most interesting one, and you will find the weather in the Mediterranean ideal in October for making shore excursions. The itinerary includes calls at Ceuta, Malta, and Istanbul, from where the ship proceeds up the coast of the romantic Black Sea Riviera to Batum, Sukhum, Tuapse, and Yalta. On the homeward voyage the ship cruises among the lovely islands of the Aegean Sea. The fare for this twenty-eight days' cruise ranges from 48 guineas.

* * *

T., Yorks. (U.S.A.).—The minimum return 3rd class fare from England to New York by Cunard White Star Line during October is £30. The rail fare from New York to Denver via Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and St. Joseph would be 127 dollars return (about £25). The return fare to San Francisco via this route, returning by Canada would be about 166 dollars (about £33). The Greyhound Motor Coach Co. runs a coast to coast service, but we do not think you would care to make such a long and tiring journey by road.

* * *

N., Hants. (Fishing).—The following hotels cater for fishing guests, and are also good centres from which to explore the Derbyshire dales: The Izaak Walton Hotel, Dovedale; the Peveril of the Peak Hotel, Dovedale; the Peacock Inn, Rowsley.

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In Quest of

Hastings and St. Leona Resorts with the B

THOUGHTS of Easter, and memories of a very pleasant one spent some years ago, prompt me this week to write about Hastings and St. Leonards, which can be likened to a pair of Siamese Twins; both look alike, act alike, and one cannot tell where the dividing line is.

They have, too, grown up fortuitously. The gods have favoured them. The landing of William the Conqueror put Hastings for ever on the map historically. The geographical contours of the land form a natural rampart on the north and thus started the framework of their winter season.

Natural and climatic advantages have been so welded with modern enterprise that Hastings and St. Leonards have four main seasons—Winter, Spring, Summer, and Autumn—and fifty-two "small seasons," which embrace the fifty-two week-ends of the year.

It is so easy for the Londoner to slip away on a Friday evening by Pullman train or car to one or other of the excellent hotels of which Hastings and St. Leonards can boast. There are such lungfuls of bracing sea air to be inhaled, so much to do and enjoy when one gets there, that one is not surprised to find that City Fathers of rival resorts appear a little envious at times of the spirit of enterprise which pervades Hastings and St. Leonards. For these twin towns never seem to tire of putting their hands into their pockets. They realise that they must cater for young and old, for residents, and for visitors, whether they come for a day, a fortnight, or more.

Good hotels demand good environments, and without fear or favour I can say that the hotels of Hastings and St. Leonards are fortunate in being able to offer so much, not only in themselves but around them.

And now where to stay?

If you were to ask which is the leading hotel, the consensus of opinion would be the Queen's. The Queen's *is* the leading hotel. It occupies a magnificent position facing the sea. At one time it stood nearer the sea than it stands to-day, but Canute-like the Corporation persuaded the sea to recede a few yards, to permit of the completion of one of the most up-to-date promenades in the British Isles.

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Just around the corner is the Albany Hotel, which attracts an entirely different clientèle, does not compete with the Queen's in any way, yet in its own sphere is very first class, and never have I known it to appear empty.

It is a little difficult to define the "atmosphere" of the Albany; its telegraphic address ought to be "Comfortable." There are no ostentatious signs about it; but stay there and you will know what I mean.

The Albany caters for old and young, and has, during the winter months, a bigger percentage of permanent residents than any hotel I know, yet in the holiday season has just as large a percentage of young people.

A very dear friend of mine lives there and he, like many others, is very "wedded" to the place because, as he says, Mr. and Mrs. Lyth do make one so extraordinarily comfortable. One thing which has always attracted me, apart from the general comfort and good food which one expects, is the excellent staff which Mr. and Mrs. Lyth have gathered round them.

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But it may be that you prefer St. Leonards, and if so I have *the* hotel for you. It is the Adelphi Hotel in Warrior Square—quite the picked position of St. Leonards; overlooking the new parade and just off the sea-front. Very first class in its own category, and one can detect that same spirit of enterprise which permeates Hastings and St. Leonards.

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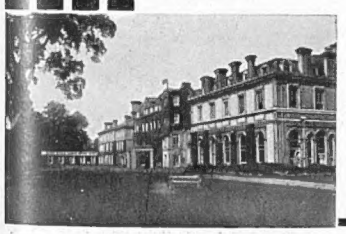

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THE PETROL WORLD

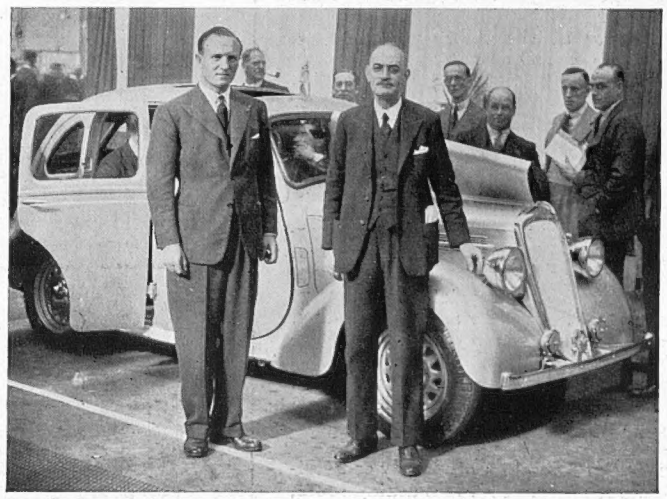
By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

I WILL not pretend that I have had very extensive experience with motor and other craft on the inland navigable waters of this country, and I must confess that I have never had control of any power-driven craft on the sea, but I have seen enough to make me realise that when anyone is travelling on water there is a spirit of goodwill shown to all other users. On the road a man driving a car is frequently a very aggressive person. I willingly acknowledge that on occasions I, myself, become irritated, and if another driver overtakes me when he should not and then tries to regain his correct side of the road in front of me, where there is really not room for him, due to another vehicle in front, my instinct is to close up and allow him to have his head-on collision with the opposing traffic. Fortunately, my instinct is over-ruled by my saner judgment.

Drivers, however, do become definitely aggressive far more frequently than is pleasant, and more often than not other road users do their best to make things disagreeable for them. On the river the atmosphere is totally different; there everybody is out to help everybody else, and if mistakes are made in navigation other pilots do their best to see that no harm results. This contrast between river and road is most remarkable, and I can see no explanation for it. The problem is how can we transfer the river spirit to the road?

It would appear that the Ministry of Transport are determined that we should be restricted as regards our lighting requirements on the car. In principle we all agree that something should be done to stop unnecessary dazzle and discomfort to all road users at night time. But the draft suggestions which have been published appear to commend themselves only to the official mind. Both the R.A.C. and the A.A. have each issued statements pointing out where the proposals are weak or unnecessary. To me the two most idiotic requirements are, firstly, that lamps must dip in order to prevent dazzle and, secondly, that no provision is made for enforcing the use of the anti-dazzle light, although it is ordered that it must be carried. No one will dispute that the dipping head-lamp as we know it to-day is a very effective anti-dazzle device, but surely it is unprogressive to make a regulation that no other scheme can be used even if it should prove more commendable in practice than the mechanical dipping device. Again, what earthly consolation would it be to the cyclist or the motorist who finds himself in a ditch or hedge as a result of being dazzled, to have the assurance that the offending car complied with the regulation in every way?

If any of my readers would stand on one of the main highways during a week-end and count the number of cars which are painted black, I feel certain that the figure thus obtained would show that 80 per cent. or more are finished in this manner. Considering that the climate of the British Isles is inclined to be rather more dull than that of many Continental countries, it is difficult to explain why black as a colour for motor cars should be so popular. Other countries wonder why we should be so sombre in our choice of decoration because they, themselves, usually go in for gayer hues. I think the average Englishman prefers the individual touch, and one frequently hears of someone buying an Armstrong-Siddeley because his neighbour has an Alvis. In this way the desire for something different finds expression, but it has seldom come to my notice that the householder in "A" house has had his car painted blue solely because his friend in house "B" has a black automobile. It may be that the average Englishman does not wish to be ostentatious, and I am rather inclined to think that this is the real cause for the almost unending queues of funereal looking cars that travel along the roads of England.



ADDITIONS TO THE STANDARD RANGE: The Standard Motor Company, Ltd., have just announced two further Flying Standards, a Ten and a Light Twelve. Captain J. P. Black, the Managing Director, and Mr. C. J. Band are seen with one of the new cars

There is another possible explanation which can be found in the old adage: Beauty requires no adornment. On second thoughts this latter suggestion can scarcely stand, because there are many really excellent and pleasing looking open sports cars which nine times out of ten are finished in bright colours. Personally I think that colours have a tremendous effect on our outlook on life. If one's surroundings, and I include the rooms and gardens of a house, are gay in colour then I think the individuals who live therein are far more likely to be pleasant and affable. If manufacturers can do anything to popularise really bright colours on cars I think motorists would enjoy their motoring more and would feel better in health and outlook than if they sat all day in a car which is really more suited for use near a cemetery than for driving along the King's highway.

Writing of being bright and gay reminds me that spring has actually commenced. I do not know whether that is officially a fact but certainly judging by the day on which I am writing these notes such is the case. In other words the gloomy days of winter have now been left behind and the owner of a car is just about to obtain the maximum pleasure from his possession. There is no time of the year that can bring greater enjoyment to a car owner than springtime. Apart from the gayer scenery of the countryside the rush of warm air through the windows of a saloon or around the wind-screen of an open car, has a tonic effect which is at its greatest at this time of the year. Then again the change of season should, unless the weather plays pranks, mean the end of any difficult starting in the early morning which may have been experienced during the winter months. Last year, of course, we had severe frosts right into May but we are all born optimists and so we do not anticipate a repetition of such disagreeable conditions.

With the advent of finer and dryer weather driving, as driving, should be much easier and freer from anxiety. It must be remembered that the lighter days are inclined to show up any blemishes in the paintwork or upholstery of a car. More often than not these eyesores can be removed by skilful amateur efforts, but if the work involved is too extensive the car should be handed over to expert hands for treatment. On looking at the car after its winter's use the owner may feel that it is rather too shabby to please him any more. If that is the case let me assure him that now is the time to dispose of the old trusty mount and purchase a new one. Manufacturers are ready for the demand and there should be, therefore, no appreciable delay in obtaining a new car.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS
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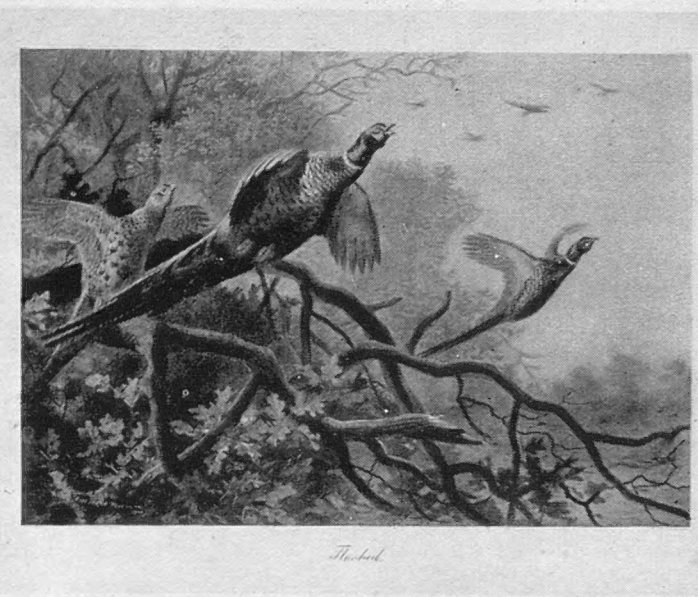

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The Scots Guards was raised 1642 by 1st Marquis of Argyle under commission of Charles I. In 1660 regiment assigned to Charles II. Title altered to Third Guards in 1713 and to Scots Fusilier Guards in 1831. Original title of Scots Guards restored in 1877. "Nemo me impune lacessit" is the proud motto of the regiment which has earned renown in the great battles of the 18th century and onwards.

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*March 28, 1936*. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.